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See Tenth Page of
this number.



"ISN'T HE A DARLING?"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We call the special attention of the public to the new feature we are introducing into the FAVORITE in the shape of a series of beautiful illustrations, destined to adorn each number. Those illustrations are produced at great expense and are wrought in the highest style of

excellence. While in no way altering the distinctive character of the journal which remains a story paper and a vehicle of light, varied and amusing reading, we add these illustrations in the confidence that they will prove agreeable to the public and add considerably to our already large and daily increasing list of subscribers.



TRUE LOVE.

I would that every angry shaft
From trouble's bitter sheaf,
Would wing its flight to pierce my heart,
To give to thine relief.

I would that every ill and woe,
And every carking care,
Would force their way within my breast,
That I for thee might bear.

I'd genial deem the icy chill,
The biting frost and cold,
The stormy tempest, Love, if thou
Wert sheltered in the fold.

If my frail bark were tossed about,
Of angry waves the sport,
Calm as on glassy lake, I'd feel,
If thou wert safe in port.

And if thy choice o'er me should pass,
To bless another's life,
His truest friend I'd ever be,
Because thou wert his wife.

THE GITANA.

[Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the
French of Xavier de Montepin.]

LX. (continued.)

It took nearly an hour to transport him to the
Breton Arms.
Ten o'clock had just struck.
The innkeeper appeared at the door, with a
lantern in his hand.
"Mercy!" he exclaimed, "Mercy! A murdered
man! It is Mr. Oliver. Who has done this?"
"Mr. Le Vaillant stabbed himself," answered
Carmen.
"And why did he do it?"
"To escape the punishment of his crime."
Further colloquy was interrupted by the car-
riers pushing their way upstairs with the insen-
sible body, and setting it on a lounge in the
room which Carmen had occupied.

LXI.

THE RIVALS.

Jocelyn stood in agony beside the inanimate
form of Dinorah.
About an hour elapsed.
Dinorah made a slight movement of the lips
and eyelids.
"She is not dead," gasped Jocelyn. "God
be praised."
She bathed the temples of Dinorah in water
and rubbed her nostrils with vinegar.
Dinorah at length opened her eyes and sat
up.
Her sight fell on the blood which stained the
floor of the room.
"Blood!" she exclaimed, "They have then
killed him. O Oliver. O my beloved."
Jocelyn briefly and rapidly narrated all the
circumstances.
"And where have they taken him?"
"To Saint Nazaire."
"Dead or alive, I must see him."
And she rose. Without arranging her hair or
throwing a shawl upon her shoulders, she
rushed through the door and out of the farm
yard.
Jocelyn, instead of following, fell on her
knees and began a long prayer.
Dinorah reached the inn, and following the di-
rection of the host, hurried up to the room where
Oliver lay. Beside him sat Carmen, cold and
impassible. The sight of Dinorah surprised at
first and finally irritated her. Violent language
passed between the two women. After a time,
Dinorah withdrew, concealing her intentions.
During her whole visit, Oliver was delirious.
The next day, the wounded man was trans-
ported in an open boat to Nantes, where his
trial was to take place. The Gitana, Morales
and the officers were on board.
At a small distance behind followed a small
boat, with two female passengers.
One was Jocelyn.
The other was Dinorah.

LXII.

THE PRISONER.

Three weeks had elapsed. Oliver lay in prison,
slowly recovering. The preparations for the trial
were pushed forward. The crime was evident,
but still much sympathy prevailed in Nantes
for the unfortunate young man.
By dint of prayers and supplications, Dino-
rah obtained permission to visit Oliver in his
cell. She found him asleep.
She knelt at his side, and seizing one of his
hands, covered it with kisses.
Oliver awoke. He propped himself on his el-
bow, and looked at the young woman with he-
sitation and disquiet.
Dinorah murmured:
"It is I, Oliver, it is I."
He stretched out both arms and drew her to
his heart.
"O, may God be praised, that I see you once
more. I will now die content. Tell me that you
have come to pardon me."
"What have I to pardon? I belong to you.
But why speak of dying?"

"Because death is inevitable."
"Oliver, I want you to live."
"And I want to die. Life without you would
be intolerable."
Dinorah's sobs choked her reply. But for a long
time she sat there, and after she recovered, held
sweet communion with her beloved.
At length Oliver said:
"How long are you allowed to remain with
me?"
"One hour only?"
"Then hear me, my darling. The time has
come when I must reveal to you the secret of
my life. I am guilty in the eyes of men, Dino-
rah, and to-morrow I will be sentenced."
He proceeded to unfold the whole history of
the transactions which our readers are already
acquainted with.
While he spoke, Dinorah listened with great
open eyes, clasped hands and suspended breath.
His words carried conviction into her mind.
She saw and understood everything clearly.
"When the judges know all the truth," she
said, "they will acquit you."
"They will never know it," replied Oliver
sadly.
"Why?"
"Because I will never tell them."
Dinorah attempted to dissuade him, but in
vain. He even succeeded in calming her and in-
fusing some of his heroism into her soul.
At length the hour of separation arrived.
"Adieu my, beloved," exclaimed Oliver.
"Not adieu. We shall meet again."

LXIII.

MORALES MORALIZETH.

Morales was sitting with his sister in their
drawing room at the principal hotel of Nantes.
He appeared pensive and disturbed.
Carmen inquired the cause,
"I have had," he replied "a horrible dream.
A scaffold was erected. Oliver was conducted to
the gibbet. The cord was slipped around his
neck. I closed my eyes. On opening them, I
found he had disappeared and that you and I
were dangling in mid air.
Carmen grew pale just a little, but rallying
she said:
"My poor Morales, you are getting weak-
minded. No danger threatens us. Our only
enemies, Tancred and Quirino are dead. And
now is our day of vengeance."
"Sister, take my advice."
"What is it?"
"Let us go hence at once."
"Whither?"
"To Havre first and then to some place of
safety."
"So you are really afraid."
"Yes, because you are going too far."
"Too far! Do you know how much the death
of Oliver will fetch us?"
"A fortune, I know."
"Twelve millions!"
"Impossible. To get his whole fortune, you
would need his will in your favor. This you have
not."
"You shall see."
She went to her room and returned with a
parcament.
"Read," said she.
He read:

"INGOUVILLE, 24 AUG., 1771.

"This is my will.
"On the eve of engaging in a duel, which may
be mortal, I herewith draw up my last will and
testament.
"I have wronged my lawful wife, Annunziata
Rovero. I wish to repair these wrongs by
bequeathing to the said Annunziata Rovero my
whole earthly goods, amounting to a total of
twelve millions, without subtraction for any
cause, save a legacy of five thousand livres
which my widow shall pay in specie to Don
Guzman Morales y Tulipano, Spanish gentle-
man, whose fidelity and affection I desire here-
with to recompense.
"In faith of which, I hereby append my name
and seal.

"OLIVER LE VAILLANT."

"Well, brother?" asked Carmen when Mo-
rales had finished reading. "What have you
to say now?"
"I must be dreaming."
"Not a bit of it."
"Then this immense fortune will—?"
"Will be mine, and that before very long."
"And the bequest of five hundred thousand
livres?"
"I will pay it punctually the day after I come
into possession."
"What an admirable will!"
"I was sure that it would meet with your
approval."
"Provided only that it is uncontested and in-
contestable."
"You may be sure of that. Observe that it is
dated the day on which the duel was fought by
Oliver and the Marquis de Grancey."
"Oh! our friend Oliver is worth his weight
in gold. He thinks of everything. He did not
even forget me, and has fully acknowledged my
affection and devotion to him!"
"Which proves that he knew how to appre-
ciate it."
"One thing surprises me, however."
"And that is?"
"That your husband should admit having
wronged you."
"And did he not?"

"The mischief! It seems to me—"
"Never mind what it seems to you. It is
evident that he has wronged me since he ac-
knowledges it and expresses his wish to make
amends therefor."
There was no answering such reasoning.
Morales meditated in silence a few moments
and then eyed Carmen with a very knowing
smile.
"Well done, sister. Bravo!" he exclaimed at
length.
"What do you mean? What is well done?"
asked Carmen.
"That was a capital idea of yours, caramba!
It is a wonder that the man who forged this for
you did not steal it."
Carmen turned pale.
"How do you see that it is a forged will," she
asked anxiously.
"Oh, don't be afraid. I don't see it. I can
guess it is, or rather, I can scent it. But every-
one who does not know the cards as I do will be
taken in by it."
"That is well. You frightened me for a mo-
ment."
"And yet you had no cause to be frightened.
The imitation of the handwriting is perfect.
Where the deuce did you hunt up a man clever
enough to turn out such a master-piece?"
"Ever since we have been here I have been
looking for such a man. Every evening while
you were drinking in your room, I went out,
disguised in male attire, and visited all the dis-
reputable taverns in the place. At last I found
my man, an old scrivener who had just served
his term in the galleys on a conviction of for-
gery. I gave him twenty-five louis d'or, a few
sheets of parchment and the letter which Oliver
wrote to his valet—the letter you sold me for
fifty thousand livres. After three days' practice
my jail-bird produced the document you have
just seen, which makes me heiress to twelve
millions."
"That is, to fourteen, for you have two al-
ready. Ah, sister, you will easily be able to
pay me the five hundred thousand livres which
constitute my modest legacy. You could cer-
tainly have afforded to be more generous. How-
ever, I am an easy-going fellow, so I will not
haggle over it. But tell me, once mistress of
this more than princely fortune, what are your
plans?"
"They are very simple. I shall go and live
in Paris. There I shall carry out the dream of
my life. With my beauty and my fortune I
shall have no difficulty in marrying a noble-
man. You know what my ambition is, Morales.
It has not changed since we were at Havana. I
want to be a great lady. That is the object of
my life, and reach it I will."
"I have not the slightest doubt of it, and I
am beginning to understand that you were right
when you said that Oliver's death would be pro-
fitable to us. The good young man should not
regret losing his life, since by his death he makes
other people happy."
"Then you approve of my plan?" continued
the Gitana.
"Caramba, I should think so."
"And your apprehensions?"
"All gone! disappeared! vanished!" And
seizing a flask of Alicante, Morales poured out a
bumper which he drained to the health of Ol-
iver Le Vaillant's widow.
It was time to go to the trial. After having
carefully arrayed herself Carmen, attended by
Morales, entered the hired carriage and drove
off to the court of justice.

LX.

THE TRIAL.

The hall in which the trial was to be held
was filled to the doors. The strange nature of
the accusation, the immense wealth of the pri-
soner, his youth, and the interest which was at-
tached to him notwithstanding his crime, all
contributed to make the case one of the stran-
gest and most touching that had ever been
known. So a crowd of privileged persons, in-
cluding all the principal members of the aristo-
cracy of the city filled the space allotted to the
public, and even overflowed into the enclosure
reserved for the judges.
Oliver, as pale as death, was at his place in
the dock, between two armed soldiers. With
all the courage of his nature he strove against
the physical weakness which threatened every
moment to overcome him, for he was extremely
unwilling to excite the pity of the crowd by let-
ting them see how he had been pulled down by
the recent misfortunes which had fallen upon
him. Yet his noble bearing and the air of resig-
nation which he wore won him much sympa-
thy.
Carmen and Dinorah were both in court. The
former, richly dressed, was scanning with an
appearance of indifference the unruly crowd
before her. Behind her sat Morales, endeavor-
ing to hide himself as much as possible from the
spectators.
Dinorah de Kerven, dressed in mourning, sat
with her face buried in her hands. At her side
the faithful Jocelyn vainly endeavored to com-
fort her.
Oliver looked at neither the one nor the
other.
As the first stroke of twelve sounded an usher
ordered all present to uncover; the judges filed
into the hall and took their seats.
The president of the tribunal was a fine im-
posing old gentleman with a broad forehead
and flowing white hair, bright, intelligent eyes,
and features on which benevolence had set its
impress.
When the judges had taken their seats one of

the clerks of the court read the act of accusation.
Then the examination of the prisoner began.
"Oliver Le Vaillant," asked the president,
"was it of your own will that you became the
husband of Annunziata Rovero?"
"It was," replied the prisoner.
"In taking that young lady for your wife,
did you not do so in obedience to the expressed
wish of your father?"
"My father was too good and too just to have
imposed on me a match that was distasteful to
me."
"Were you acquainted with Dinorah de
Kerven previous to your marriage with Annun-
ziata Rovero?"
"I was."
"What were your feelings towards her?"
"I regarded her with unlimited admiration
and all possible respect."
"Had you not entered into some engagement
with her?"
"I had asked her to be my wife; and had
begged her to wait until my return."
"Did you tell your father of your engage-
ment?"
"No."
"Did you then expect that he would oppose
your marriage in that quarter?"
"No. I never was afraid of that. But just as
I was about to tell him I learnt that he had
passed his word to his old friend Don José Rovero
—engaging me to Don José's daughter—so I said
nothing."
"Then you married Annunziata while you
were still engaged to Dinorah?"
"I wrote to Mademoiselle de Kerven telling
her that as I was forced to withdraw from my
promise I absolved her from her own."
"Did you inform her of your reason for thus
suddenly changing your plans?"
"I did not."
"After your marriage with Annunziata Ro-
vero, did you think that you would be happy
with your wife?"
Oliver made no reply.
"Had you any fault to find with your wife's
conduct?"
"None."
"How then was it that you could not be hap-
py with a wife such as she—young, virtuous,
and beautiful?"
"Our tastes were widely different. Annun-
ziata Rovero was passionately fond of luxury
and pleasure; while I on the contrary cared
more for simplicity and solitude."
"With such a large fortune as yours at your
command you were in a position to satisfy the
tastes and even the caprices of your wife. Why
did you not do so?"
"I should have done so, I confess. I am per-
fectly willing to acknowledge that I did wrong."
"A coolness then arose between yourself and
your wife—a coolness which originated with
you and which led to an almost complete sepa-
ration?"
"I admit it."
"Had you not some ground to believe, after
a certain lapse of time, that your honor had
suffered at the hands of your wife?"
On hearing this question put Carmen turned
crimson. "What will be his reply?" was the
one thought that occupied her mind. But she
was speedily reassured by hearing Oliver an-
swer in a calm voice.
"I never had a suspicion of the kind you
speak of."
Morales furtively nudged his sister.
"What does this mean?" he whispered.
"The poor devil is playing into our hands. He
is just doing what was wanted to give a color of
genuineness to the will."

(To be continued.)

FORGIVEN.

"Well, mum, to-morrow being Christmas, I
thought perhaps we'd have company, mum."
"No, Hannah, I expect no company."
The servant hustled off to the kitchen in her
honest, homely fashion, pitying the woman
who was envied by so many.
For was she not the widow of John Fairfield,
and had he not left her in his will, not only the
Fairfield Place, with its magnificent house and
extensive grounds, but an income that it seemed
impossible for one lone woman to spend, were
she ever so extravagant?
Nine long years had rolled by since the last
John Fairfield had filled a niche in the family
burial vault, and his widow lived alone in the
great house, keeping up the large household,
but seemingly little inclined to open her doors
for hospitality.
Yet she was not past forty, and still a hand-
some woman in a grand style of beauty, tall,
full in figure, with strongly-marked features and
rich masses of nut-brown hair, as yet unstreaked
by grey.
Her eyes were very large and full, of a deep
brown, shaded by long dark lashes.
In her expression, in her walk, in the tones of
her rich contralto voice, in every word and ac-
tion, the dominant passion of her life was re-
vealed, and that passion was pride.
She was proud of her own family, of that of
the man she had married, proud of her wealth,
proud of her position.
Her beauty and superior intellectual power
and cultivation detracted nothing from this
haughty spirit.
Yet through her pride had come the sorrow of
her life, and there was a gnawing, hidden an-
guish ever present under the mask of cold state-
liness she presented to the world.

She had been left an orphan when about seventeen, and with an income sufficient for all comfort and many luxuries.

Her father had died many long years before, and her mother, marrying a second time, was again a widow at her death, with one blue-eyed daughter, seven years younger than her oldest child.

When these two were left alone in the world, the strongest love of Adela Warburton's heart centred upon the little stepsister Rena.

During her girlhood every pleasure, every advantage of education was given to his blue-eyed legacy from her dead mother.

When Adela married, she stipulated that Rena should be allowed to share her new home, and Mr. Fairfield consented willingly.

The girl grew up very beautiful, a blonde with hair of brightest golden tint, and a complexion of ivory smoothness.

She was well educated, but never had rivalled her sister in a love for books.

She sang well, and she was gentle and loving to the sister and brother-in-law, who lavished upon her all the affection they would have given to children of their own, had God granted them that crowning blessing of life.

Home was a paradise to Adela Fairfield while her husband's love glorified it and Rena's sweet face made sunshine there.

And into her paradise there crept a serpent—a man handsome as an Apollo, without principle, without compunction, one whose name was familiar to men as an adventurer, a gambler, and a spendthrift.

Secretly he stole interviews with Rena, meeting her clandestinely in the woods near Fairfield Place—sometimes at the house of some friend.

Secretly he won the girl's heart, and then boldly demanded her hand.

She was sole mistress of twenty thousand pounds left her by her father, and he knew that her loving guardians had no control over her little fortune after her marriage.

John Fairfield absolutely refused him any encouragement, forbidding him the house, and openly expressing his abhorrence of his whole course of life.

Adela, horrified at her sister's deception, and indignant at her lover's presumption, was, for the first time, stern in her rebukes and bitter in her denunciations of the man who had so basely prosecuted his plans.

They meant well.

They wanted to screen the child from the effects of her own folly, and they frightened her into her lover's arms.

Never very strong-minded, poor Rena imagined she had forfeited all the love of years and in her weak misery found comfort in her lover's protestations of fidelity, meeting him whenever she could elude Adela's loving vigilance, for her sister scorned to restrain her by force, until one fatal night when she fled from home and friends, and married Mark Weston.

Six years of married unhappiness followed and she was left a widow, poor and with three children clinging to her for support.

In all these years Adela had closed her heart to every appeal for forgiveness, and when the widow crept back to A——, Mrs. Fairfield ignored her existence.

She had so hardened her heart in the years of separation that she could know Rena and Rena's children were suffering poverty's pangs, and stretch forth no hand to aid them.

Widowed herself, alone in her stately home, she passed her time in study, in embroidery, in many charitable enterprises, and if the thought of Rena came to her, she sternly told herself—

"I loved her, and she cheated me, fled from me, when she knew it was only because we wished to save her from misery that we crossed her wish. She chose her path with her eyes open; led her tread it to the end."

But after Hannah left the room, Adela Fairfield tried in vain to fasten her attention upon the book in her hand.

Letting her head fall back in the cushioned armchair in which she took her seat, she thought of Rena.

Only a few days before her carriage had rolled past the tiny cottage where Mark Weston's widow struggled for bare existence by sewing early and late.

A girl, not so old as Rena had been when her mother died, was feeding two starved-looking hens, and Adela noted, with a pang, that Rena's own childish beauty was faithfully copied in her daughter.

Two sturdy boys of seven years, Rena's twin sons, were carrying a pail of water from the well, and they, too, had their mother's blue eyes and golden curls.

As Mrs. Fairfield looked, one of the urchins cried out—

"Oh, John, see the fine carriage. Look Adela, look!"

Rena had given them loving remembrance then, since two of the children bore their names.

Was she altogether to blame, this petted, indulged child, when temptation came, that she yielded to it?

Adela could recall no fault that had ever been severely punished, or was not forgiven for a coaxing word or kiss, and Rena might not have realised the magnitude of her offence.

And yet, softening with all these memories, Adela Fairfield's heart sank at the thought of Mark Weston's widow and children in the house of John Fairfield, whose name had ever been a bye word for integrity and honor.

For after his marriage Mark Weston sank very low.

Disappointed in obtaining an entrance to Fairfield Place, he visited his anger upon his fair, timid wife, in acts of insult and cruelty, spending her fortune in riotous living, and putting the final stone upon the monument of degradation by engaging in a brawl, where he received his death blow.

Midnight struck before Adela Fairfield went to her room, and there were traces of tears in her cold, proud eyes, and she knelt and prayed fervently before she retired.

"Mamma," John Weston said, very gravely, as he took his place at the scantily-furnished breakfast table the following morning, "do you suppose we can ever have a real Christmas?"

Mrs. Weston turned to the questioner a face that was paled by suffering, but sweeter and fairer in its subdued loveliness than it had ever been in its brightest flush of youth.

Before she could speak, Mark cried—

"John means turkey and pudding, mamma. He hasn't forgotten what you told him about

love only, that had thwarted her in her young romance.

Too late she had found the honeyed phrases used to win her young heart and little fortune, turned to coarse rebukes and taunts for her inability to conciliate her rich relations.

Bitterly she had repented of the deceit that had led to her misery, and yet all the sorrow had chastened, not soured or hardened the sweet, tender nature.

When she found the doors of her sister's house closed against her, she had made no effort to force her repentance or her sufferings upon Adela.

It was her punishment, and she accepted it with childlike resignation.

When she saw Adela in her rich dresses pass her by without recognition, she hid her tears under her veil, and silently passed on.

One kiss from Adela's lips, one loving word straight from her heart, would have lightened Rena's toll for many a long day.

Wanting these, she never coveted the wealth



THE GITANA.—MORALES' DREAM.

being thankful for a home and food, have you, John?"

"No; but it don't seem real Christmas without something nice," said the little fellow; "last Christmas everybody had toys and things but us."

"We had a chicken," said Adela, softly, "and you are making mamma look sorry, John. Come, and I will show you a new slate puzzle I learned in school."

Rena watched the boys as their sister led them quietly from the room, and the tears welled up to her eyes as she thought of the privations of their childhood.

Winter was fairly upon her, and though she had tried faithfully to save a little money, their wants stared her in the face with cruel force.

Clothing was needed, fuel was dear, and food hard to earn.

Sorrow had taught Rena many a lesson of resignation and faith, but it needed them all to look her life in the face, and say—

"I am thankful, oh, God, for all Thy mercies."

She bowed her head upon the hard table, and the sobs would come, though she tried hard to restrain them.

Memory was busy with her own childhood.

She thought of her handsome, stately sister, so proud and cold to others, so tenderly loving to herself, and her heart smote her afresh as she remembered her own return for the wealth of love lavished upon her.

Too late she had realized that it was love, and

that would have made the future so easy for her fair girl and brave boys.

Unconsciously, as she still bent her head in tearful thought, she spoke the words in her heart—

"Oh, Adela, if only you could forgive me and love me, I could bear all the rest of my burdens patiently."

And, as if in answer to her words, she felt a gentle hand placed upon her shoulder, and heard the rich, sweet voice of her sister say—

"Rena, look up and tell me you forgive me for my harshness."

She could not speak in her first rapture and surprise.

She could only cling to her sister, sobbing and calling her name, while Adela pressed tender kisses upon the upturned, tearful face, and wondered how she could have shut the sweet countenance out of her life for so long.

"You do forgive me, Rena?" Adela said.

"Forgive you! I forgive you! Oh, Adela, if you knew how I have longed and prayed for your forgiveness, in all these years, you would not be sorry you have brought it to me!"

"Hash, darling, hush! We will bury the past, and be sisters again."

"Oh, mamma," cried a chorus of voices,

"such a splendid carriage, and two horses!"

And the excited trio entered, to stand confused at the apparition of the tall lady in their poor room.

"Shall I tell them?" Rena whispered; "I thought you might not like them to know."

"That I am their aunt?"

"Yes. Children are so impulsive; they might have spoken to you if they had known."

Adela's cheeks burned as she heard the words.

But she reached out her hands to the little ones, saying—

"The carriage is here to take you all to dine with Aunt Adela."

"Oh," cried John, "where is she?"

"I know her," said Mark; "she's mamma's beautiful, good sister, that Adie was named after."

"Will you love her, then, for mamma's sake?" asked Mrs. Fairfield.

"Be you she?" cried Mark, striding over all grammatical rules in his eagerness.

"Yes, dear, I am your Aunt Adela," said their aunt, kissing each in turn, but keeping little Adela longest in her loving embrace. "We can keep Christmas in our hearts to-day. There little ones, run for your cloaks and hats, for there is the biggest turkey in A—— waiting for you at Fairfield Place."

"Oh," said John, in awed admiration, as a little later he wandered with his brother and sister through the wide drawing-room of Fairfield Place, "this is a real Christmas after all, ain't it, Mark?"

And Adela Fairfield, holding Rena's hand fast in her own, won her promise to leave her no more.

Rena's voice is heard once more in her old home, and the old walls echo the shouts of the twin boys.

But Adela Fairfield, loving them all, finds the happiest days of her life restored to her in her loving care for her little namesake, the shy, violet-eyed Adela, who seems her little sister given her again.

OUR EVENING PARTY.

I thought, said Miller, there was something in the wind that cold Monday night when I got back from the city and found a double supply of my favourite hot buttered muffins awaiting me, and my slippers so nicely aired on the hearth. But I was sure of it when my wife said smiling, "I hope you like the tea, dear; I put an extra spoonful in, because it's such a bleak night for you;" and when my eldest daughter Molly laughed so very heartily at my old story of the Chinese Missionary, which I think so good that I take very opportunity of repeating it.

"Now, Molly," said I, as I took down my meerschaum after tea; "now, Molly, what is it?"

"What is what, papa?" said Molly; but she blushed and laughed a conscious little laugh all the same.

"Come," I retorted, "let us have it. What is it you want to coax out of me now?"

"Well, Molly, as papa seems so cunning at finding us out, I think we had better tell him what he have been talking about," said my wife with a slightly nervous titter.

"A great deal better, you most artificial of women," said I, with all the sternness I could muster; "and no more compliments to my superior wisdom, if you please. I am quite aware you are only oiling the machinery to make it run round your own way. All attempts too to bribe the court with more muffins will only injure your case. Proceed, therefore."

"Well, James," replied my wife, "the girls and I have been talking all the afternoon, and, ahem!"

"And all the morning too, I have no doubt. So far the court quite agrees with you, madam," I interrupted, blowing out one of my most sarcastic wreaths of smoke.

"These poor things, James, do so want you to give them an evening party—something a little stylish, you know,—like other people," my wife continued, hurrying on like the steam when it has come to the brink of the precipice.

"An evening party!" I repeated in amazement.

"Oh yes! do, papa," said Molly, sitting down on the hassock at my feet, and putting her rosy cheek on my knee. She is an admirable hand at coaxing, is Molly.

"Yes, dear, why should we not be like our neighbours, at least sometimes—like Mrs. Vyner, for instances?" pursued my wife skillfully singling out an acquaintance who was my pet aversion.

"Well, because we can't, if we tried; we haven't got the money," I replied. "You must surely see what nonsense it is to talk of our being like Vyner, when his partnership in Double X brings him in a couple of thousands a year, and I have barely as many hundreds."

"Well, but we might just show Mrs. Vyner we know what's what."

It was a mean advantage which my wife Jane was taking, and she knew it. Mrs. Vyner was from the same county town as myself, and on the strength of her father having had a thousand a year in land (and heaven knows how much more in rustic stupidity!) had always considered herself entitled to play the part of a superior being towards us. Nor was she content with thinking this, but was determined we should admit her glorious supremacy in style, house furniture and belongings. In a word, she was my special abhorrence; and if there was one thing I should have liked, it would have been to see Mrs. V. brought down a peg. Jane knew this weakness of mine very well, and I consider it an ungenerous action on her part to have appealed to it. However, for the present I resisted the temptation firmly.

In truth the notion of our giving an evening

Party was a very ridiculous one. I was secretary to the City company with about three hundred a-year. We had already sacrificed to the graces of London society—appearances—by taking a decent house at Notting Hill, and had hard work, what with Ned's schooling and the 'finishing' of my two daughters, to keep our heads fairly above water. So, like a sensible man, I had hitherto always insisted on dining at half-past one, and had never received my friends otherwise than at tea and supper, in the plainest of 'plain way.' If they liked to drop in at such times (and many of them did), we were always delighted to see them, and under the circumstances had many a pleasant chat and laugh. I dare say than fall to the lot of grander houses. The very freedom of this kind of visiting, the knowledge that you can come and go when you like, do and talk as you like, and that the more you please yourself the better you will please your host, suit my constitution exactly; and I believe that in liking it I am only one of a vast majority of London gentlemen. For the ladies I dare not speak.

When we went to bed, however, my wife returned to the attack, and did not leave me till she was victorious. Her chief argument now was that we "ought to give Molly a chance; and Molly thought so herself. There was young Kelly looked very sweet at her; but how could we expect a respectable young fellow like him to come forward unless he saw we knew somebody and were not quite out of the pale of good society?"

"My dear," said I, "pray don't put these silly notions into Molly's head. Kelly always seemed to me to be rather spoony on Ellen Vyner and not at all on Molly."

"Ah, the Vyners always try to make out that he is quite devoted to them; but I flatter myself I know white from black when I see it.—yes, yes, I think so indeed."

"Well, if you really think we ought to give Molly this party," said I, reluctantly.

"Yes, that would be a good excuse for beginning. But I think we ought to give one every year for the future."

I groaned in spirit and said, "Pray, let us get safely over this before we talk of any more. I confess I think the old notion absurd—the expense, the trouble, the probability of a breakdown with such servants as ours. But I suppose you must have your way."

Accordingly, in the morning my wife and two daughters formed themselves into a permanent committee of ways and means. They decided that things could not possibly be got ready under a month, and for the whole of that time, we were in a state of disturbance. First, it was found out that the drawing-room curtains were old and shabby, and we must have new ones; then, that the dining-room carpet did not suit the furniture—"and you would not wish people to think we have no taste, dear?" said my wife. Now, it was my old book-case that had to be shoved into an unobtrusive corner, where I had to go and hunt for my papers in the dark; next, one nearly broke one's neck over a new music-stand which had arrived that morning and been left in the passage, "only just for a minute till the carpet was put down;" then if any friend came in there was scarcely a single place where one could sit down. In a word, all our quiet, homely, comfortable ways were at an end; and what with upholsterers, carpenters, piano-tuners, and others, it was just as bad as if we were 'fitting.' I was heartily glad, therefore, when they at last declared themselves ready to send out "the invitations."

Then the consultations there were about the day and what people we were to ask! Mr. Disraeli, forming a new cabinet for the government of a fourth part of the world, could not have pondered each name for a longer time, or more anxiously, and I am sure he would not have looked half so gravely important over it. For my part, I watched the proceedings with an amused eye, for my opinion, like an eminent physician's, was only taken as a very last resource.

The first name written down in "all the lists" was of course Fred Kelley's,—to catch whom (in plain English) our party was given.

I never could quite understand how this young Kelly, who was in the Civil Service, contrived to make so many mothers and daughters run after him. Perhaps (as quantity is often preferred to quality) it was only because there was so much of him, for he stood over six feet; but then he was as thin as a lath, and nearly as white, with feeble attempts at the "straw-colored moustache and bay-colored beard" that Thackeray speaks of. More probably the reason was that he had in perfection the cool Ojibbeway manner of the man about town—that affectation of stony indifference which passes for the height of fashion in all except the best circles, where people can dare to be natural. He was never genial—never animated—never even interested: indeed, to my mind he was more like a machine, that had been taught to talk a little, than a man; because, to save himself trouble, he seemed to have a pet phrase for everything. All persons below the Civil Service were "Haw, those cads"—the depth of his reprobation was "Not good form, you know"—the height of his approval was expressed by "Tol-lol," meaning "tolerable;" though once I certainly heard him go so far as to call a thing "rather jolly." My younger daughter, Patty, who is very observant, used to laugh and say that Kelly was very wise to be lackadaisical about everything, because, as he knew so little, and had no feelings and no ideas, if he was not lackadaisical he would be nothing. And from a pretty long acquaintance with him, I can safely say that, if he had any ideas, he was always admirably

successful in concealing them. In a word he was quite the hero of certain modern novelists; and the very difficulty of thawing this fashionable icicle made Molly and several other young ladies attempt the enterprise. But as yet the icicle remained an icicle, and would melt to no warmth they could apply.

Next after Kelly in our common list came the names of the Vyners—father, mother, and two daughters—without whose eyes to observe our success in securing Fred the triumph would scarcely have been complete. All the rich people of our acquaintance followed; singularly enough, there was not a shadow of doubt about any of these, nor about that tawny young idiot Northcoat, who knew the younger son of a lord. Two budding barristers from the Temple were also passed *nem. con.*—"they moved in such good society." I suggested asking the Prince and Princess of Wales, but found my little joke received (for the first time, I must confess) with chilling silence, as the awful gravity of the occasion required.

There was also a charming unanimity about asking some of our less important acquaintance. Thus poor Miss Graham was asked, because she was so good-natured, and "never objected to play any quantity of dance-music." Then Tomkins could carve, and Vickers talk so well. Mrs. Grubbins, too, and the three Miss Grubbinses, would be mortally offended if they were left out—so "there was no help for it, we must have them."

Other names caused more discussion. I was obstinate, when I found my wife and Molly were positively thinking of leaving out my old school-fellow, Dick Wotherspoon—the best of good fellows, only rather rough in his manners, as most of these enthusiastic artists are. It was not, however, on this account so much that my wife disliked him, as the fact that, though over thirty, he seemed to be making no headway at all in life, and was himself beginning to think he had mistaken his profession. Indeed, he was so poor that I had frequently lent him a five-pound note. But I now overruled my wife's objections to him and insisted on his being invited. With his name our list of forty-five was complete, that number being ten or fifteen people more than our rooms would really hold; but then, as my wife said "They would be sure, some of them, to be engaged; and so we might as well have the credit of inviting them all as not."

To be in proper form, we gave a ten days' invitation, and the interval was ruled over by the milliners. From morning to night there was nothing but consultations about blonde and muslin, mauve and magenta, or critical examination of patterns, or "fittings on." For my part, I undertook to look after the tea, supper, and attendance, for all of which it was absolutely necessary to contract, since we only kept a fat maid-servant of twenty (whom my wife, on the strength of her being able to boil potatoes hard and reduce mutton chops to cinders, dignified with the name of "cook") and one little slut of thirteen, scarcely able to lift a slop-pail, whom we called our "housemaid."

I must say I never felt myself in such a ludicrously mean position as I did when I was bargaining with the unctuous upholsterer in the next street for a stylish supper on hired dishes, to be handed round by three imitation footmen, being the upholsterer's assistants. The whole thing did seem such a sham, like playing the peacock with borrowed feathers.

The all-important night arrived at last, and the fever of expectation and anxiety which had held my woman-kind all the month reached its height.

Long shall I be in forgetting the preparations and fuss of that dreary evening,—the hurried tea, the laborious dressing, the solemn single knock of the upholsterer's men, like the undertaker bringing a coffin; the frantic appeals to Sarah to "come and fasten me;" the rustle of skirts in the passages; the flying about of distracted cook and housemaid; the staid methodical movements of the long-visaged waiters. But as the clock struck the fatal hour of nine we were all assembled in state ready for the first comer, my wife buttoning her white kid gloves and still red in the face with her nervousness and exertions. As a proof that her exertions had been attended with some success, I may state that I overheard one of our young barristers telling Northcoat "She looked a very handsome Dutch Venus indeed."

I had scarcely taken my place on the hearth-rug when a loud rattle at the door and a hearty voice in the passage announced the first arrival. "Mr. Wotherspoon!" whispered my wife to me with a touch of annoyance in her tone; "he at any rate takes care to be punctual—knows no better, I suppose." When he was ushered in by one of the imitation footmen, he took much the same view of our proceedings as I took myself, and began chaffing me in his free and easy way; "Well, now, Miller, to think of your coming out in such a swell fashion! What on earth possessed you to begin giving state-parties, eh?" But Mr. Miller—with that increase of dignity which the peach-colored satin always gives her—cut his audacious levity short by asking sharply, "Well, and why shouldn't we give a party like any one else, Mr.—Mr. Wotherspoon?" The assumed forgetfulness of his name was a masterpiece, and capitally done, considering she had never practised the art of snubbing before. At all events poor Dick seemed to have the ground taken from under him at once, and he subsided into a corner near Patty, where he seemed to be better welcomed.

But hark! the roll of wheels—"the brazen thunders of the door"—soon not intermitted, but continuous—and we are presently in the

thick of it. Kelly came about ten, a little stiffer than usual; but not till half-past did the Vyners sweep into the room. Mrs. Vyner overwhelmedingly courteous and patronising in her black velvet dress. But she soon contrived (without saying so) to make us understand that she wondered we could venture to invite her, and that she considered it no little condescension on her part to come.

There could be no doubt that my daughter Molly and Ellen Vyner were the prettiest girls in the room. Yet it was amusing to note the difference in their style and appearance. Molly, whose good-natured rosy face above her light blue dress seemed like a cherub's floating in the sky, was radiant, full of life, and sweet as a new blown rose; but she was a little too eager to please, and tried too evidently to make everything go off well. Miss Vyner on the other hand—pale, slight, and with finely-chiselled features—moved through the rooms a very statue of dignity and self-possession. Quiet, perfectly well-bred, and polite, she rather discouraged the advances of her admirers, including Kelly; but her very discouragement seemed only to make them more attentive. If she had a fault, it was that she evidently knew her own value so well; she might have been a duke's daughter instead of a brewer's—though, indeed, I believe, Vyner and many of his business think a brewer or a banker now-a-days a greater grandee than any nobleman.

I am glad to say the party itself, notwithstanding our misgivings, went off without any particular hitch. In fact, it seemed very like thousands of similar affairs given by people of the middle classes who know no better. There was the same stiffness and reserve at first, since in such a miscellaneous gathering very few of the guests were acquainted with each other; the same gradual thawing as we got up a little dance (which, with hypocrisy that deceived nobody, we pretended to extemporise); the same intense heat in the rooms, the same jamming in the doorways, the same forlorn groups in the corners, groups that looked as if they knew they ought to be enjoying themselves and were not.

And when the novelty of the position wore off, I did not find it very difficult to play the part of host. So I tried to say a pleasant word to any guest that seemed dull, arranged a couple of whist tables for the elderly people, and in fact worked hard generally at amusing everybody. My wife, however, as the hours went on without mishap, grew prouder and prouder of her hired grandeur, and indeed, like old Weller's Shepherd, "swelled wisely" in magnificence of deportment and manner. In my hearing alone she told six different persons that that "there were forty-five invited; but unfortunately so many were engaged."

"I think you ought rather to say fortunately," replied that disagreeable Mrs. Vyner, as my wife made this remark to her. "My dear Mrs. Miller, how could you get any more people into these rooms? And a crowd is so very unpleasant," she added, fanning herself vigorously.

When I took Mrs. Vyner in to supper she said blandly, "I did not know, Mr. Miller—yes, champagne, please—I never knew before that you kept a footman;" looking hard at one of the upholsterer's mutes.

"Why, he is like Vyner's small ale—for very occasional use only," I replied, determined she should not have all the sarcasms to herself, and knowing she hated any reference to her husband's business.

She took her revenge, however, on my wife by saying to her soon afterwards across the table, "How very nice these whips are, Mrs. Miller! I must get you to give me the receipt." Of course, the odious woman knew very well that the creams, like everything else, were furnished by the upholsterer "who did for us;" but she succeeded in making my wife blush and feel very uncomfortable for the time.

The dance was kept up with spirit till four or five o'clock, and the young people at any rate, especially my daughters Molly and Patty, enjoyed this part of the business most thoroughly. Towards the end, however, Molly became rather sulky because Fred danced so much with Miss Vyner; and my wife was highly indignant at Dick Wotherspoon's hanging about Patty. Indeed, she would almost have proceeded to open hostilities if I had not stopped her; and, as it was, Wotherspoon evidently guessed her motive in always disturbing his confabulations with Patty, and left early.

When our guests were gone we were soon in bed, from which we did not rise till noon. Even then Patty was very tired, and Molly had a headache—due to Miss Vyner, I suspected. I too was disgusted with the hypocritical pretences and bother of the whole thing. My wife alone was radiant, and thought the party a great success owing to her own admirable management. She was sure, too, that Kelly on leaving had thanked her and pressed her hand with a cordiality most unusual with him; and on this ground she told Molly to take courage, and all would come right.

And her exultation was increased by several of our guests who called in the afternoon and lipsed the usual phrases on such occasions. "Delightful gathering." "Enjoyed ourselves so much." "Quite a success."

When Mrs. Vyner called, however, she threw a little damp on my wife's ardor. She pretended to praise—she was always more malicious when she did that.

"How very good of you to take all this trouble—so unexpected, too!" she said. "And how very well you did manage, considering you were quite unaccustomed to this sort of thing! It must have been a most formidable undertaking, I'm sure. And I hope you, Mr. Miller, were

not very much behind-hand with your work in consequence."

Generally I could give Mrs. Vyner a Roland for her Oliver, but on the present occasion my conscience sided so much with her in her politely-veiled sarcasms,—I mean, I thought them so just—that I really could only mutter out some commonplace answer.

"I'm afraid you are a little tired with your exertions, Mrs. Miller; indeed, they must have been immense," continued the merciless virago, seeing that I was in no mood for reply. "But, I'm sure, it was very kind of you to try so hard to give us a pleasant evening. And as you are such very old friends, I think I may tell you a little secret, just to show you how much we are indebted to you. Ah, I daresay you know what it is. Fred Kelly proposed to Ellen last night, and it is all arranged—so kind of you, I'm sure, to give him the opportunity. And we think it will be a very nice match, don't you, Molly?"

Poor Molly held out till Mrs. Vyner was gone, when she made a rush to her own room, with a tear in each eye. She had scarcely left us when a double knock announced the postman.

"It is from Wotherspoon," I said, opening the letter. "Do you know I think our new splendors, Jane, made you seem a little rude to him yesterday?"

"Ah well! if I am never rude to anyone of more consequence than Mr. Wotherspoon, it will be no great matter," she replied, contemptuously. "But I am grieved and vexed beyond measure about this young Kelly. Ellen Vyner, indeed!"

"Dear me!" said I, as I glanced over Wotherspoon's letter: "you'll like to hear this, I think, Jane." So I read it to her.

"DEAR MILLER,

"I am sorry to be obliged to leave without calling to bid you good-bye, but have just met some friends who are going to Italy, and I have decided to accompany them. As we start tomorrow I am in an awful hurry, and I shall be away at least two years."

"And a very good thing too," interrupted my wife. "Do you know I am quite sure he would have made Patty an offer last night, if I had not looked so well after her that I never gave him the chance? I have always wondered, James, you never would see the depth of that man. However, we shall be safe from him for some time, it seems."

"Quite safe," said I.

"There were one or two things that I particularly wished to tell you last night; but in such a crowd I had no opportunity, and"—

"There, I told you, James!" broke in my wife again. "One of those things, you may depend on it, was a proposal, and I'm glad I stopped it."

"All right, only do let me finish:

"—and, to tell you the truth, I was a little nettled (you know I was always too sensitive) because I thought Mrs. Miller last night scarcely treated me with quite the kindness due to an old friend. So I ran away early and did not say what I intended. Perhaps it is as well. One bit of news about me, however, I am sure you will all be glad to hear, and I feel that I ought not to go away without telling you. A few days ago, to my immense delight and astonishment, I received a lawyer's letter informing me that I was heir-at-law to a distant relative who had died in Jamaica; so that I have dropped all at once into five thousand a year. Rather jolly, isn't it? But I won't forget all your five-pound notes; and if ever you want a little cash, old fellow, just you ask your old and obliged friend

"R. WOTHERSPOON."

"Five thousand a year!" groaned my wife now. "But how could I know, James? Why didn't Mr. Wotherspoon tell us?"

"Well, probably, dear, because you stopped him so adroitly," said I, laughing maliciously, "and perhaps he first wished to see whether we cared for him without his money?"

"Oh dear, oh dear! couldn't I write a note of apology and bring him back?"

"No; if I know Wotherspoon, it is too late. As you said, Jane, he is too deep for that."

"Ah well," said she, quite piteously. "And this is all the reward one gets for putting oneself out of the way and going to all this expense to give one's friends a treat."

Our motives, I could not help thinking, had not been quite so disinterested as my wife now wished to make out. Few people do give parties, I fear, on the pure principles of Pickwickian benevolence. However, we had got a lesson, and I am happy to say our first evening party was our last.

A REFORMED gambler was about to die, and sent for a minister, when the following conversation occurred:

"Pastor, do you think I am near death?"

"I regret to say I believe you are."

"Do you think since I am converted, I will go to heaven?"

"I do."

"Do you expect to go there, too?"

"Yes, I believe I will."

"Well, we'll be angels, won't we, and have wings to fly with?"

"Yes, I'm sure we'll be like angels."

"Well, then," said the dying man, "I'll bet you five dollars I will beat you flying."

TWO ROADS TO MARY'S HOUSE.

A mother sat at her cottage door,
Though the bell for nine had tolled,
And she silently watched the floating clouds,
Where the moon in grandeur rolled;
And she sighed, "Ah, me! where can he be?
My boy was never so late!
With the bell's first stroke I always list
His hand on the garden gate."

Then the crickets chirped, "He is lost—is lost!"
While the birds in the old elm tree
Peeped over the rims of their great brown nests,
And twittered, "Where can he be?"
And the house-dog came and gazed in her face,
With kindly, pitying eyes,
And solemnly marched to the close-latched
gate,
And whined his grave surprise.

And the good man mused in his chair alone,
While his smoke rolled in wreaths away,
And wondered what mother could see in the
moon,
And what led the boy to stay.
And John?—Six feet of muscle and frame,
Rounded out on the amplest plan,
The old couple still fondly termed the boy,
But the girls—a nice young man!

But hark! his echoing, manly tread,
Rings out on the still night air.
Click, click, and his hand, on the swinging
gate,
Soothes their hearts like an evening prayer;
And in answer to questioning looks he says,
"You know Mary was down to-night,
And I thought I would see her safely home!
I'll be up with the morning's light."

"Humph!" said the old man, "that road
grows long!
When a lad, his nimble feet
Flew over and back, as an arrow wings
Its way on a mission fleet.
Now, when he might measure at every stride
A league, he starts at seven,
To take Mary over the self-same road,
And can't get home till eleven!"

Then the good wife smiled as her thoughts flew
back
O'er their vanished spring-time hours,
When they, too, had loitered along life's way,
And plucked the nodding flowers.
And she tenderly thought of a withered spray
That her Bible clasped around,
Though she spoke no word, for she felt her boy
Was treading on holy ground.

John knew they spoke of the dusty track
That men plodded up and down;
The smooth, straight road, that led past both
homes,
And then stretched away through the town.
But the rippling smiles like sunlight flashed
O'er a face all alight before,
As he thought of a winding, emerald path,
That led to Mary's door.

That path was a long, bright, blossoming way,
And an arm had encircled her waist,
The better for whispering Love's tale in her ear,
The better Love's sweets to taste;
And while tardy feet had prolonged the bliss
True lovers delight to live o'er,
He had won a bride to go forth with him,
Some day, from Mary's door.

A WEIRD STORY OF
BRUGES.

Six months ago, when in Bruges, that "quaint
old town of art and song," as Longfellow styles
it—a town all unchanged since the ancient
days of Flanders—I became cognisant of the
following events, by happening to be present at
the examination of the chief actor in them, be-
fore one of the two burgomasters who govern the
city.

With a Belgian friend, I had been lounging in
a window of the club-house that overlooks the
spacious square known as the Grande Place
(above which towers the wonderful belfry, from
whence one may look down on the frontiers of
Holland as on a map, and from whence, it is
said, the mouth of the Thames may be seen on
a clear day), when a police escort with swords
drawn conducted a prisoner past, towards the
Palais de Justice. He was a young man of the
better class, apparently, very pale, very sad,
and depressed in aspect, very handsome in face,
graceful in bearing, and most unlike a criminal.
His hands, however, were manacled, and a
crowd of workmen and children clattered noisily
around him in their wooden sabots.

As the rumor spread that a terrible assassina-
tion had just been committed, we followed the
escort to the magnificent old hall in that edifice,
which was whilom the Palais du Franc de
Bruges, and which contains a chimney-piece
occupying one entire side of it, with gigantic
statues carved in wood, and marble bas-reliefs
representing chastely the story of Susannah and
the Elders, as the reader may find in his "John
Murray."

From that which transpired at the examination
of the prisoner, and what I read in a few subse-
quent numbers of the little local paper named
"La Patrie," I gleaned the substance of the
following story, which, in some of its features,

reminds one of the case of Oriental metempsy-
chosis mentioned in the "Spectator"—the pass-
ing of the soul from body to body, including the
influences of mesmeric, crystalline, and mag-
netic forces, though I do not pretend to know
anything of the learned and mysterious jargon
concerning those matters; but much of which
I heard that day referred to in the Palais de
Justice.

A mile or so on the level highway beyond the
beautiful round towers of the loop-holed and
embattled Porte St. Croix, one of the still
remaining barriers of the old fortifications, there
stands at a little distance from the road, a
quaint old Flemish dwelling-house built of red
brick, and almost hidden among chestnut and
apple trees. If we are to believe the "Chronyke
Van Vlanderen," it was once a shooting-box of
Charles the Bold, and near it Mary of Burgundy
received the fall from her horse which proved
so fatal. Be all this as it may, it is a house with
many pointed gables, strange outshots and
beams of quaintly-carved oak, and therein,
with his nephew, Hendrik, and an old house-
keeper, resided Dr. Van Gansendonck, called
Doctor, not from his profession, but for his
learning, as he enjoyed the reputation of under-
standing all languages, living and dead, and
being master of every science, human and
divine; and was regarded by the simple and
religious Brugois as altogether a miracle of a
man in some respects.

Some there were who deemed him a dangerous
dupe to his own powers, and these were the
clergy especially, who, with something of repug-
nance, drew their black cloaks closer about them
when "the doctor" passed them on the high-
way or in the narrow unpaved streets, as it was
notorious that he never crossed the threshold of
a church, or was known to lift his hat either to
them or to the numerous Madonnas that decor-
ated every street corner, and many a doorway
too, in Bruges.

The Herr Doctor, now past his sixtieth year,
had, in some respects, decidedly a bad reputation,
and a hundred and fifty years ago or so, might
have ended his studies amid a blaze of tar-bar-
rels in the Grande Place as a wizard, but in this
our age of steam and telegraphy he was viewed
as simply a learned eccentric, and as a dabbler
in mesmerism, clairvoyance, the occult light, and
second sight; and those occult mysteries, which
the church condemns, he would seem to have
carried to a length that seems strangely out of
place in these days of hard facts and practical
common-sense.

A forehead high and bald, a head tonsured
round by a fringe of silvery hair, eyes keen and
quick as those of a rattlesnake—eyes that
seemed to glare through his gold-rimmed
glasses, made the face of Herr Van Gansendonck
so remarkable, that those who saw it never
failed to be impressed by its strange expression
of intellectual power, tinged with somewhat of
insanity; but his visitors were few. His time
was chiefly spent in his library; and as he was
rich, being proprietor of more than one of those
gigantic mills, the sails of which overshadow
the grassy ramparts, he could afford to please
himself by living as he chose, and seclusion was
his choice. He seemed to have but one favorite
only—Hendrik—a brother's orphan son, whom
he had adopted, educated, and who was to be
his heir.

Hendrik was now in his twentieth year, de-
cidedly handsome, but with dreamy blue eyes
that had an expression in them one could not
easily forget; yet the lad's temperament was
poetic and enthusiastic, and now he had but re-
cently returned to Bruges, after undergoing a
course of study, and attending those lectures
which are given on science, literature, and art
at the library of the Museum of Brussels.

The grim old student hailed the return of the
younger one with a pleasure that he did not
conceal, and there was at least one more in
Bruges that did so with joy.

This was Lenora, the daughter of Madame
Van Eyck, a widow lady, residing in one of
those quaint old houses at the Quai Espagnol.
To her he had been betrothed, and the moneta-
ry plans of his uncle alone were awaited for
their marriage, young though Hendrik was.

Bruges, according to an old monkish rhyme,
has ever been celebrated for its pretty girls, but
Lenora Van Eyck, a bright blonde of eighteen,
was more than pretty—she was charming, with
that wonderful bloom of complexion which is
so truly Belgian; light, laughing, hazel eyes
that were full of expression piquant and attrac-
tive.

She had been one of the six young ladies
who, clothed and veiled in white, were selected
on the last Corpus Christi day to bear the gilt
Madonna through the streets before the bishop.
Lenora had been with her family at Blanken-
berg—the little Brighton of the Brugois—for
several weeks after the return of Hendrik to the
house of his uncle; and when again they met
at their favorite trysting place, the long walk
of stately poplars by the canal near the Porte
St. Croix, she soon became conscious of a strange
and painful change in the bearing, the manner,
and the eyes of her lover. Langour seem to per-
vade every action; his face had become pale,
his eyes more dreamy than ever, and he was
unusually taciturn and abstracted.

Why was this? Lenora asked of herself,
while she watched him with keenness of eye
and anxiety of heart that are born of love and
tenderness, for there was a singular mystery
now about the once happy Hendrik that filled
her with grave perplexity. Had his love for her
changed? His eyes, though sad, were loving in
expression as ever, when they met hers—yet
even his smile was sad—so very sad!

Again and again, in her most winning way,
she would implore Hendrik to reveal to her any
secret that weighed upon his mind, but in vain.
Why was it, she asked, that he, whom she had
left so lively in bearing and happy in spirit, had
now become so moody? and why was it that
there were times when he seemed to feel him-
self compelled, as it were, to leave her suddenly
and in haste, without a word of explanation,
apology, or excuse? She pleaded without avail;
Hendrik could but avert his pallid face, or cover
his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out some
painful vision or crush some worrying thought.

He dared not tell her—lest she should deem
him mad, and so shrink from him—that his
uncle, the Herr Van Gansendonck, had, mesme-
rically, acquired a mysterious and terrible in-
fluence over him, and that by the mere power
of will he could summon him to his presence at
all times, wherever he might be, or with whom-
soever he was engaged—even with herself; and
that he, Hendrik, found himself totally power-
less and incapable of effecting his emancipation
from the bodily and mental thralldom under
which he writhed!

He dared not tell her all this, or, further, that
Herr Van Gansendonck had the power to set
him asleep on a chair in his library, and then
to cause his spirit (for this was alleged in the
Palais de Justice) to disengage itself from the
body, and go on distant missions through the air
for thousands of miles in the course of a few
minutes, or that when thus put to sleep, the
Herr, by exciting his organ of ideality, could
obtain such information as he wished on strange
and abstruse subjects.

That he had become a helpless and nerve-
shattered mesmeric medium, he thought at
times he might confide to her; but even in
this his courage failed him, for other and more
terrifying convictions were creeping upon him;
thus he shrank from telling the girl who loved
him so dearly, that when his spiritual essence
was despatched to distant lands, the Herr, by
the same power, permitted other spirits to enter
his body and use its members for purposes of
their own. The horror of this idea, it was al-
leged, made the youth's life insupportable, for
on awaking from these strange and involuntary
trances, he would at times find on his person
cuts and bruises he was all unconscious of re-
ceiving; sometimes his purse would be gone,
or in its place might be found strange money
and letters to and from individuals of whose
existence he knew nothing.

All this was done by one whose power he
could neither repel nor defy; and now he had
the natural dread that if his body was made to
obey the behests of these spiritual intruders, he
might be led into some horrible predicament—
the commission of a dreadful crime. Another
might even come in his place and meet Lenora!

One evening as they sat on the grassy ram-
part that overlooked the great canal, the girl
strove to rouse or soothe him by singing with
great sweetness one of Jan Van Beer's Flemish
songs; but the music of her voice and the
poetry of the author of "Zeik Jongeling" fell
on Hendrik's ear in vain. When she paused,
"I dreamt of you last night, darling Lenora,"
said the young man, looking at her with inex-
pressible tenderness; "but such dreams are so
tantalizing, even more so than the dreams one
has by day."

"All your life seems one hazy dream now,
Hendrik," said Lenora somewhat petulantly.

"Forgive me, dearest, you know not what
you talk of. My mind, I grant you, is a chaos,
full of strange terrors, perplexity, and confusion;
and times there are when I fear for my reason,"
he added wildly, passing a hand over his fore-
head, and looking aside.

"Dear Hendrik, do not speak thus, I implore
you."

"I must—in whom can I confide, if not in
you? And yet I dare not—I dare not!"

After a pause he spoke again, but with his
eyes fixed, not on her, but on the still, deep
water of the shining canal.

"This much I will tell you, Lenora. Yester-
day, my uncle sent me on some business of his
to the house of an advocate, Père Baas, near
the Béguinage, a house in which I had never
been before, and I was shown into a room to
wait. On looking round, to my astonishment,
every article in it—and the room itself—the cell-
ing the stove, the little windows, and the paint-
ings—especially one by Hans Hemling—were
all familiar to me, and I seemed to recognise
every object there. 'I was never here before,'
thought I; 'and yet I must have been—but
when? If so, there is a little window behind
this picture, which opens to the gardens of the
Béguinage.' I turned the picture, and lo! there
was the window in question; I saw through it
the garden with all its cherry-trees and two or
three béguines flitting about. Oh, Lenora, there
is indeed some power beyond matter, proving
that the soul is independent of the body!"

"It must have been a dream."

"It was no dream," replied Hendrik gloom-
ily.

"But how do you account for the strange
fancy?"

"My disembodied spirit must have been
there, sent on some accursed errand by my
uncle!"

"But you would die, Hendrik."

"Not if another tenant were at hand," replied
Hendrik, gnashing his teeth.

Then the girl wept to hear him, as she natu-
rally deemed it, raving thus.

"Such things cannot be," said she, sobbing.

"My uncle says they may; and the theory is
as old as the days of Pythagoras."

"I know nothing of Herr Pythagoras; but

this I know, that the Herr Van Gansendonck is
a strange and bad man. Pardon me, dear Hen-
drik; but he never enters a church door, nor
has he been to mass or confession for years.
Leave him, and Bruges too, rather than become
the victim of such dreadful delusions."

"To do either is to leave and to lose you! I
am his heir: and we have but to wait his plea-
sure—or, it may be, his death, to be so happy,"
replied Hendrik sadly; and then they relapsed
into silence. With Lenora it was silence in-
duced by sorrow and alarm, while her lover
seemed to let his thoughts slip away into dream-
land.

The sultry summer evening breeze rustled the
leaves near them; the honey-bees buzzed and
hummed among the wild flowers and butter-
cups that grew on the old rampart; and far
away could be heard the ceaseless chirping of
the crickets.

Lenora's head rested on Hendrik's shoulder,
and he was lost in thought, though mecha-
nically toying with her hair, which shone like
ripples of gold in the light of the setting sun.

He was aware that Lenora had begun to speak
to him again; her voice seemed to mingle with
the drowsy hum of the bees and the evening
chimes or carillons in the distant spires;
but he heard her as if he heard her not;
till suddenly a thrill seemed to pass over
him, as a secret and intuitive sense or know-
ledge that his terrible relation required his
immediate presence, made him start from
the grassy bank, snatch a hasty kiss, and hurry
away by the arch of the Porte St. Croix, leaving
Lenora mortified, sorrowful, and utterly bewil-
dered by the abruptness of his departure.

"Oh, how changed he is!" thought she, as
she proceeded slowly in the other direction to-
wards her home on the Quai Espagnol.

On two or three occasions the unhappy Hen-
drik had, what he conceived to be, undoubted
proof of his body having been, in the intervals
of mesmeric trances, tenanted by another spirit
than his own; and this strange and wild con-
viction caused such intense horror and loathing
of his uncle that the expressions to which he
gave utterance to more than one of his friends
—more than all to Lenora—were recalled, most
fatally for himself, at a future time.

One day, in the Rue des Augustines, he was
accosted by Brother Eusebius, a Capuchin.

"Friend Hendrik," said he, severely and
gravely, "was it becoming in you to be royster-
ing as you were yesterday at the low estaminet
in the market-place, and with such companions
—fellows in blouses and sabots?"

"Impossible, Brother Eusebius; I was not
there," faltered Hendrik, as the usual fear crept
over him.

"I, myself, saw you. And, moreover, you
looked at me."

"When—at what hour?"

"Six in the evening."

"Six!"

Hendrik felt himself grow pale. He remem-
bered that at that identical time he was under
the hand of his uncle. He groaned in sore and
dire perplexity, and his tongue clove to the roof
of his mouth, while the Capuchin continued to
address him in tones of rebuke and earnest
remonstrance.

"Have I a double-ganger, or am I becoming
crazed?" urged Hendrik. "Believe me, Brother
Eusebius, I was not there!" he added
piteously and earnestly.

"At the hour of six?" persisted the unbelie-
ving Capuchin.

"I swear to you that at the hour of six I was,
and had been for some time, in one of those un-
accountable trances in which my uncle has the
power to cast me—one of those hours of bodily
torpor that have come upon me," he added,
while the perspiration poured in bead-drop from
his pallid brow. "I awoke about eight. I heard
the chimes ringing in the church of St. Giles, and
near me sat my uncle, pen in hand, as if in the
act of questioning me and committing to paper
that which I had been revealing in my magnetic
slumber. Oh! am I the victim of necro-
mancy?"

"Scarcely, in this age of the world," replied
the Capuchin, but now with more of pity than
rebuke in his manner.

"I swear to you by the Holy Blood that I
speak the truth!" continued Hendrik, referring
to the famous *relique* of the Brugois in the little
chapel near the Hôtel de Ville. "I last remem-
ber hearing the voice of my uncle as I sank
into sleep; my arms fell powerless by my side;
my eyes closed; waves of magnetic fluid or air
seemed to flow over me; and my spirit passed
away, at his behest, to other lands."

"What madness—what raving is this, Hen-
drik?" said the sandalled friar, with sadness
and severity. "Do you mean to tell me that
your uncle is another Cagliostro—a veritable
Balsamo?"

"I fear it—I fear it," said Hendrik, with clasp-
ed hands.

"Learn first to fear the potatoes of the es-
taminet," replied the Capuchin, as he turned
coldly and bluntly away, believing that the
young man was intoxicated.

On another occasion Hendrik failed to keep
an appointment with Lenora Van Eyck, who
waited for him anxiously till long past the time
named, and then proceeded pensively home-
ward. As she approached the step and antique
bridge that leads from the Rue des Augustines
to the Quai Espagnol she saw Hendrik cross it,
and look at her calmly and deliberately the
while, but without a glance or smile of recog-
nition. Her heart, which at first had beat hap-
pily, now became perplexed as he turned abrupt-
ly up the opposite bank of the canal, and drop-
ped into a little skiff, which he proceeded to un-

moor, and, in doing so, cut his right hand severely.

"Hendrik! Hendrik!" she called aloud; but he heard her not, and, shipping a pair of sculls, pulled swiftly out of sight.

When next they met, and she upbraided him with his strange conduct the same emotion of fear that had come over him when confronted by the Capuchin again filled his heart, and he called Heaven to witness that it was not he whom she had seen.

"But here, Hendrik, love, is the wound on your hand," urged the astonished girl.

"I know not how I received it," he moaned, "though aware that a wound is there."

"This passes all comprehension!" said Lenora mournfully. "Oh! Hendrik, I thought a love like ours would never die; yet doubt and terror are destroying it now."

Something like a sob came into Hendrik's throat, and through his clenched teeth he muttered hoarsely and fiercely—

"This kind of life—a double life, it would seem—cannot last for ever. Nothing does last for ever, and the end will come anon." And as he spoke he fixed his moist and now hollow eyes as if on some distant horizon which he alone could see.

"Hendrik!—dearest Hendrik!" urged the girl soothingly, as she caressed his face between her soft and pretty hands, for her heart was full of alarm, as well as love; it was a conviction so dreadful, the fear that he was perhaps becoming insane.

"Can over-study at Brussels have made the poor boy ill?" thought Lenora, in the solitude of her chamber that night. "Oh! must I give him up after all—after all? Dare I go through life as the wife of one so strange, so wayward, and so moody? No; better be a *béguine* like Aunt Truëy. I am so happy at home. Why do girls marry? and for what do I want to marry?" And as she pondered thus, she sat looking at her white hands, and changing Hendrik's betrothal ring—an opal set with diamonds—from one finger to another, till it slipped from her and rolled away on the varnished floor, from whence she snatched it up with a little cry of alarm, for the event seemed ominous of evil. "Oh, I must indeed consult Brother Eusebius about this matter," was her concluding thought, more especially as the Capuchin had told her that opals were unlucky.

And when he dropped in for his post-prandial cup of coffee with her mother that evening, Lenora did take him into her confidence; but the friar only imbibed pinch after pinch of snuff from the huge wooden box which he carried in the sleeve pocket of his brown frock; hinted of what he had seen at the estaminet, and shook his shaven head, adding that "Hendrik Van Gansendonck came of a bad stock, and should be avoided." So the Capuchin was consulted no more on the subject.

Hendrik now broke many appointments made with Lenora. He seemed to be no longer the master of his own actions, and he was so frequently reproached by her for his inattention and unkindness, that he feared to make a promise to her at all, and two entire days passed without their meeting.

Could he tell her that which he now confidently believed to be the case; that Herr Van Gansendonck had cast him into a mesmeric trance, leaving him in that condition, and intending to come back in an hour or so; but, having been summoned away on business, had left him, to all appearance spell-bound and helpless, to the terror of the odd housekeeper at the chateau?

On the third day he met her coming from vespers in the church of the *Béguinage*, where she had been to visit her Aunt Truëy.

Lenora was very pale; her eyes were full of tears, and, as Hendrik could perceive, they were sparkling with resentment. She was in the very summer of her beauty—that age when all girls seem pretty. Hendrik gazed upon her caressingly, and would have kissed her, but the walk was a public one, and the *blanchisseuses* were busy amid the *Minnewater*. Lenora was so prettily dressed, too; and most suitably did her silver-grey costume, trimmed with rose-coloured ribbon, become her blonde beauty, her purity of complexion and fair shining tresses. Fresh, young, and graceful, there was a delicacy and softness in all her air and person, yet anger was apparent in her eyes; and those of Lenora were what a writer has described as "wonderful golden eyes—eyes which painters dare not imitate, because the color is so subtle, and the light in them so living—eyes that are called hazel, but are not hazel."

"I now know the reason of your avoiding me in the Rue des Augustines, and also were you were going on that evening in the skiff," said she. "Lenora, have I not already said—"

"Hendrik," interrupted the girl, with severity, "I have for sometime feared that you were crazed; now I find that you are wicked and that Brother Eusebius was right after all."

"Wicked—my darling!"

"Do not speak to me thus; I have good reason to be most indignant with you," she continued, stamping her little foot on the ground.

"For what, dearest?" asked Hendrik, whose heart was sinking with vague apprehension as usual.

"Cease to twist your moustache, and answer me this: was it right or proper of you to be drinking with soldiers at the Rampart de Caserne last evening?—and worse still, to be toying with and caressing little Mademoiselle Dentelle, the lace-maker, who lives there—toying with her actually in the open street,

while mamma and I passed you?" added Lenora, whose eyes were flashing through their tears, though her cheek was pale, as Hendrik's now became.

He was voiceless, and could make neither response or reply, for he knew that at the time to which she referred he had been, as he simply phrased it, "put to sleep in his kinsman's study," and that on awaking he had found himself not there, but lying on the grassy bank near the Rampart de Caserne, and that, instead of his hat he found on his head the kepi of a soldier of the 2nd Regiment, then quartered in Bruges, and a pipe, of which he knew nothing, dangling from a button of his coat! The stars were shining, and the dew was on the grass, but how long he had been there, or how he came to be there, were alike mysterious to him.

He felt bitterly the utter hopelessness of urging more to Lenora; yet he attempted to falter out some explanation.

"This is juggling, Hendrik," replied the girl passionately; "another face—another love has come between us, otherwise you would not dare to treat me thus!"

"Your suspicion is false, dearest Lenora," said he. "Oh, pardon me, sweet one! but I feel as if I were in a dream—as if I were some one else, and not myself!"

"Again, dreams!" said Lenora scornfully, as she drew his betrothal ring from her finger, dashed it at his feet, and left him. Night after night had Lenora lain awake, brooding over the change that had come upon Hendrik, weeping the while, with wide-open eyes in the darkness, and now she had come to the firm resolution to dismiss him for ever; but when she left him, silent, stunned, and confounded by the *Minnewater*, her heart yearned for him again, and she repented her severity, lest his mind might be, as she too justly feared, affected.

And now he, while gazing wistfully after her retiring figure, thought with loathing and horror of the keen visage, the hawk-like nose, the cold, yet clear glittering eyes and gold spectacles of that odious relative to whom he was unhappily indebted even for food and raiment, for his past education, and all his future prospects in life—Lenora included; but who seemed to possess over him a power so unaccountable, so terrible and diabolical! Much of this he said to one or two friends whom he met on his way homeward, and the expressions were also remembered against him in the time that was to come.

Soon after he found himself secretly and imperatively summoned to the presence of the Herr, who—as he afterwards told the Burgomaster in the Palais de Justice—"bade him go to sleep," and sent his spirit on some mysterious errand, hundreds of miles away. What happened in the library of that lonely little chateau outside the Porte St. Croix, while his spiritual essence was thus absent, the unhappy Hendrik never could know: but when it re-entered his body—or when he awoke—he was horrified to find his learned uncle lying dead on the floor amid a pool of blood, his face and throat gashed by dreadful wounds, which had evidently been inflicted by a blood-spotted knife which Hendrik found clutched in his own right hand! Blood gouts were over all his clothes, the pockets of which were found to be stuffed with money, jewels, and other valuables taken from a bureau and desk, which had been burst open and ransacked.

The soul of Hendrik died within him! Even if he had committed this crime in frenzy—and he felt certain that he did not do so—why should he have sought to rob his uncle? He then thought of Lenora, and of the sorrow and shame that would come upon her now; he reeled and fell senseless on the floor. The cries of the old housekeeper speedily brought aid; Hendrik was arrested, charged with assassination and robbery, and was at once consigned, as already described, to the Palais de Justice, where all the weird story came to light. The hatred and horror he had expressed of his dead uncle were now remembered fatally by all who had heard them; but the knife he had in his hand was, singularly enough, found to be the property of a soldier of the 2nd Belgian Infantry.

To the last Hendrik asserted his innocence, when tried and convicted for that which was, not unnaturally, deemed a most cruel and ungrateful crime; and his advocate, Père Baas, who, singularly enough, was also a dabbler in mesmerism, labored hard in his cause, but in vain. When brought to the scaffold in the Grande Place, Hendrik, attended by Brother Eusebius, had all the bearing of a martyr, as he fully believed that the crime committed, if by his hand, was at least by the dictate of another spirit.

Lenora visited him in that dreary cell the night before he died, and, according to "La Patrie," as they parted, Hendrik said:

"Death, even on the scaffold, has no terror for me now. I know where my spirit will go, and that none on earth can recall it. You will come to me, beloved Lenora," he added, pointing upwards; "you will come to me there in heaven, where there can be no parting, no death, and no sorrow."

And, with one long embrace, they parted for ever.

The editor of "La Patrie," writing of these things next day, said, not without truth, "Hendrik Van Gansendonck was, too probably, crazed; and if so, should not have been executed."

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

Friendship, the lily of the heart,
In modest purity adorns;
Its blossoms fragrant sweets impart,
And ever are they free from thorns.

But love resembles most the rose,
The flower in beauty's blushes drest;
Delight upon its bosom glows;
But while it charms, it wounds the breast.

Yet such its fascinating power,
So sweet its odorous perfumes rise;
Oh! who could view this graceful flower,
Nor wish to pluck th' enchanting prize?

When from the realms of Flora's care,
We form the varied nosegay sweet;
Without the rose and lily there,
Th' assemblage bright is incomplete.

And thus, too, with the human breast,
Though many a lovely feeling bless;
If there nor love, nor friendship rest,
It knows not real happiness.

Love can indeed delight the heart,
Though friendship's tender buds should die;
But heart has nothing to impart,
Love's withered blossoms to supply.

JOSEPHINE'S LOVE.

It was Sunday night in Paris; the busy, nervous, excited French capital but rarely finds itself asleep; yet on the Sunday night which we allude, so quiet were the streets, the gardens, the very patrol itself that, as the clock of Notre Dame pealed forth the hour of one in the morning, a casual visitor in the great metropolis might have suspected that even Paris sometimes slept.

The Procureur was alone in his office. The hour might seem unseasonable—and so it would be, in fact, to many—but even on the Sunday night we speak of, the Procureur was busy in his quiet sanctum; for the times were troublous in France, and this important official found himself compelled to devote his midnight hours to certain matters in his province which could not be safely managed by day-light. He had just closed a huge *portefeuille*, containing valuable and exclusively private documents, and was in the act of rising to deposit it in his secret *escritoire*, when a slight rap at the door of his studio arrested his attention.

It was an extraordinary summons at this unusual hour—at the entrance to his private retreat; and the Procureur du Roi stood for an instant amazed. The door was fast—his orders had always been of the strictest character touching the permission of visitors to approach this apartment—and he could not comprehend the unaccountable call. He made no reply, and the low, gentle knock was instantly repeated. He quickly placed his budget of papers out of sight, and turning to a drawer in the desk at which he had been engaged in writing, he drew forth a superb silver-mounted pistol. Then pressing his foot on a spring beneath the table, as the knock was again repeated, the fastening at the side of the wall receded, and the door opened of its own accord, as the Procureur pronounced the words, "Come in!"

At the same instant, a sharp click might have been heard as the Procureur drew back the pistol-hammer; for he had not the remotest idea who could thus have ventured to intrude upon his privacy, and he did not choose to be taken at a disadvantage. But he quickly lowered the muzzle of his weapon, and his surprise was greatly increased as he gazed towards the entrance, and beheld the form of a female, whose graceful carriage, as she advanced towards the table at which the official sat, convinced him at once that she was young, at least, if not beautiful! Her figure was slight, but well rounded; her person gracefully formed. She was habited in a neatly fitting pelisse; and wore a blue velvet bonnet, tastefully placed upon her head from which depended a thick veil of *barège*, hiding her face entirely from view; and in her hand she bore a small casket.

"Madam!" said the Procureur, sternly, ere she had accomplished five paces beyond the threshold.

"Monsieur le Procureur!" responded a voice in tremulous tones, as the form of the female advanced towards him.

"How's this, madam?"

"Hear me, monsieur—"

"How gained you entrance hither?"

"Pardon my rashness, monsieur, and listen to me," continued the sweet voice, whose plaintive but musical tones had made a deep impression upon the Procureur.

"We are alone. Do not importune me, I conjure you; but rather have compassion upon a female who appeals to you in behalf of one dearer to her than life who is convicted of a crime he is innocent of, but who must die ere tomorrow's sun shall go down, unless you, monsieur—you will save him!"

"Me, madam! Of whom do you speak?"

"Of Edmund Dufonte—"

"Dufonte!" exclaimed the Procureur; "he is condemned for a terrible crime."

"But you, monsieur, can save him."

"It is too late, madam! Already—"

"I tell you, Monsieur Dufonte, you must save him!" continued the now excited and singular being before him. Then lowering her voice to a whisper, almost—"Monsieur," she continued, "Edmund Dufonte is innocent of the crime he is charged with. His unfortunate associations have been his ruin, and in his blind attachment

to the welfare of the guilty, he has neglected to avail himself of a proof of his innocence!"

"Madam, this is all an enigma to me. The prisoner should have taken steps at an earlier day to have shown himself guiltless of the charge, which circumstances have so clearly fastened upon him."

"Circumstances! Ay, monsieur; this it is which has caused his dilemma. And now, I pray you, hear me. It is not too late. Twelve hours have yet to elapse ere the moment arrives which is fixed for his execution. Oh, monsieur! speed in this work of mercy—save the innocent Edmund, as you value your own future peace! Suffer me to depart as I came: do not pursue me, do not annoy me unnecessarily. What I have now spoken is truth, as there is a Judge above us; and you shall find it so. Here, within this casket," continued the strange visitor, as she placed the box before him, "you will find the duplicate of the proof, transcribed from the originals with my own hands. Promise me you will examine the contents of this box within the next hour, and I am content."

The Procureur du Roi gazed upon his mysterious visitor in utter astonishment. How she could possibly have gained admittance to the door of his own private apartment, he could not conceive; and what the meaning of her earnestness and peremptory manner was, he could not determine. But she pointed significantly towards the box, the clock struck two, and she seemed impatient and anxious.

"Twelve hours hence, monsieur, unless you will it otherwise, Edmund Dufonte will be no more. I ask you to examine that casket at once—have I your promise?"

"I will attend to it, madam."

"I may now retire unmolested?"

"Go, madam; I have no wish to detain you. But—"

"I know what you would add. Your guard is attentive, watchful, faithful. Let me escape as I entered, and I shall have no trouble. If I fall here, the King must be apprised."

"You are at liberty, madam."

"I shall be with you again to-morrow, at ten o'clock, monsieur. Good night!" added his visitor; and so saying, she darted from the room. A bell instantly tingled, and a gendarme quickly entered the Procureur's office.

"Quick, sir! A female had just left this apartment in a dark dress, blue velvet bonnet, and veiled. Haste! Follow her to her home, and report her address to me at daylight. Away!"

The gendarme disappeared instantly, and soon found himself on the pavement outside the house. The Procureur du Roi turned at once to examine the contents of the casket. A small key was attached to the handle of this box, but the Procureur halted in his movements for an instant, as he thought of Fieschi's dreadful machine, and the various plots which were constantly resorted to by the guilty, to destroy or injure the officers of Government. But the remembrance of the tender tones of that sweet voice, which he had just listened to re-assured him, after a moment's hesitation, and placing the key in the lock, the contents of the casket were exposed to his gaze.

There were two envelopes, covering each a sheet of French post paper within the little box; and opening the first, he found a brief letter, written (or rather copied) in a disguised female hand. Running his eyes hastily over the lines, he read as follows:—

"Hotel Du Renard Rouge,
Monday eve.

"DEAR EDMUND,
Do not fail to meet me as we agreed near the garden wall of the Hotel Du Cardinal Fesch; sharp ten, remember. I cannot go there alone, you know. The scoundrel P— has bled me of every crown of my present month's allowance, as well as of the next in perspective; for he holds my acceptance for the amount. I will be avenged on him yet; he is a rascally cheat. Would it not be well to be prepared for contingencies? I shall carry no weapons save my usual pocket comforter. Remember ten—and that I rely on your friendship. Farewell!"

"ERNEST."

At the sight of this signature, the paper trembled in the Procureur's hand, and a sudden expression of pain pervaded his hitherto calm countenance, as if a sting had shot to his very heart. Again he read the lines of the brief missive before him hastily, and as he finished the final words, once more his cheek blanched, and he gasped for breath! Seizing upon the other envelope, he quickly opened it, and his already terrified fancy received an additional shock as he perused its startling contents:—

"Prison St. Pelagie, midnight.

"You cannot save me, surely; the fiat has gone forth, and though innocent, I am doomed! Ernest was my first friend; but for his kindness, I should never have known my dearly loved J—; he has escaped suspicion and I am content to die, that he may be saved! Believe me, when I re-affirm to you my innocence. His hand struck the fatal blow; the gambler P— had robbed him, and incensed at his repeated injuries, he demanded satisfaction and justice, which his adversary refused. I dashed between the combatants; at the instant the weapon fell, I wrenched it, dyed in gore, from the hand of Ernest as he drew it from the frightful wound. The gambler fell, and Ernest fled as the police seized upon and forced me away to prison. I cannot expose him; he committed the act in a moment of frenzy. Adieu!"

"EDMUND DU FONTE."

The letter fell from the hand of the Procureur

du Roi, and he was utterly at a loss to comprehend the overwhelming suspicions which flashed upon him. Was Ernest really the guilty man? In the midst of his reverie the gendarme he had despatched upon the trail of the female in the blue velvet bonnet, suddenly returned.

"Who is she, Colin?" asked the Procureur, in haste, as the spy re-entered the apartment. "I could ascertain nothing, monsieur."

"No?" asked the officer, disappointed.

"No, monsieur. I proceeded instantly, agreeably to your orders, to the street; but no living object was in sight, save the night-patrol upon the corners, above and below the house. They had been there fifteen minutes, and no one had passed. I have searched in all directions, inside and outside, but no such person as you describe can be found."

"It is very singular; you may retire, Colin," said the procureur; and he turned again to the curious letters upon his table, which he perused once more, in deep thought. The name affixed to the first was that of his own son. He had been absent from home since the rendering of the verdict against Edmund Dufonte, and none knew where he had gone. The father's heart sank within him, as he contemplated the frightful peril of his child; but his sense of justice reminded him that efforts must be put forth at once to save the innocent.

The casket had evidently been opened by the original recipient of it, two days earlier than Edmund had intended. But the Procureur had not forgotten the words of his mysterious visitor who assured him that a failure with him would force an appeal to the King. In this contingency, the life of his own son would be perilled by the disclosure; as it was, he might save both Edmund and Ernest. The lady in the blue velvet bonnet would call at ten in the morning.

By direction of Monsieur Fugare, a watch had been posted at the entrances of his mansion, and full an hour before ten o'clock the doors of the residence of the Procureur were blocked by the forms of faithful spies, who were charged with the duty of observing whence the strange visitor came who had taken so deep an interest in the fate of Edmund Dufonte. The clock struck ten at last; no being in sight of the guard; the door of the Procureur's study was secured as usual, and the nearest gendarme approached the latter for an instant, to be certain of the fact, when he most unexpectedly discovered the strange female standing before the entrance. Alarmed at the absence of Monsieur, and evidently fearing the result, she turned quickly to the guard, exclaiming, "I would see Monsieur le Procureur."

"Enter, madam," said the soldier, instantly opening the door with his private key. "Monsieur will soon return."

And five minutes afterwards the Procureur made his appearance, covered with dust. He had just returned from a private interview with his Majesty the King.

"Now, monsieur," exclaimed the lady, in an earnest, but trembling tone, "the hour has arrived! Tell me what is to be the fate of Edmund Dufonte?"

"No power, madam, short of the King's, can save the man condemned to death, by the laws of France, for the frightful crime with which Dufonte is now charged."

"He is innocent, monsieur," repeated the girl, firmly.

"How came you in possession of those letters, madam?"

"I have no time, monsieur, to waste in answering questions. His Majesty is at Versailles, and your answer decides my course. A carriage awaits me, even now, within a stone's throw of your door; and unless you bid me hope, within the next hour the case will be laid before the King. Speak, monsieur, and quickly!" continued the stranger, impetuously.

"You will at least inform me, madam, how you—"

"Suffice it, Monsieur Fugare, that the papers are genuine. I received from Edmund late last night the casket enclosing the originals, as a final memento of his devotedness to her he loves. The parting gift was accompanied by his most imperative request and injunction that its contents should not be exposed until after his execution to-day; and even then, that no eyes, save hers to whom it was addressed, should ever know what the box contained. Curiosity, despair—whatever you may deem it, monsieur—urged me at once to examine it. I did so; you know the result; you are aware, monsieur, how deeply you are concerned in this matter, and I would ask again, what am I to hope for?"

"Me?—I concerned, madam?" stammered the Procureur.

"Ernest, who signs the first letter, is your son, monsieur!" continued the mysterious female, in a subdued tone of voice. "You may save him—you must save Edmund Dufonte! Quick, monsieur! time presses!" added the female; and she moved to depart.

"Hope for the best, madam," said the Procureur du Roi; and the hand of the maiden stretched towards the door of the studio.

"We shall meet again at two o'clock, monsieur," added the stranger: and the blue bonnet disappeared.

The guard followed her to the street, around the corner. She sprang into a caleche, and dashed away, eluding pursuit—the gendarme not being prepared to follow the conveyance.

The Procureur du Roi had discovered the peril of his son; he was convinced, from these and other circumstances now within his knowledge, that the tale was no fiction; he felt that the guilt of Ernest might readily be made manifest, and he had suffered no unnecessary delay to clasp in the morning, after perusing the letter,

ere he communicated with his Sovereign, who confided in the Procureur most implicitly. Besides, the almost unparalleled generosity of Edmund towards his friend called loudly upon Monsieur to aid him in his present trying emergency. But who was the mysterious girl in the blue velvet bonnet?

In the meantime, Edmund had resigned himself to his fate. He knew his innocence, though he was found undoubtedly guilty by the law, which had condemned him upon circumstantial evidence; but the weapon was found in his hand the moment the victim fell: and he could not avoid the final crushing result. But his conscience was free from compunction—he had saved a fondly-beloved friend from death, and he was content. He bade adieu to his relatives at last—he was left alone with a priest, and a few minutes afterwards the final summons came.

The cheek of Edmund Dufonte was pale, but his step was comparatively firm, his head erect, as he passed along the gloomy corridor of his prison. He advanced to a court-yard—a file of gendarmes accompanied him in silent march, and turning an angle beyond his prison-house, he suddenly beheld the scaffold. For an instant, Edmund halted—faltered—for the terrible sight almost overpowered him.

"Forward!" said the executioner, firmly; and the prisoner walked on without further apparent emotion.

Five minutes before two o'clock, a carriage rolled up to the prison door, from which emerged the tall form of a gentleman, who instantly gained admittance to the scene within. The sentinels presented arms as he passed the portal. It was Monsieur Fugare, the Procureur du Roi. And following immediately, there came a caleche, from which there emerged a young female. She presented a signet ring to the guard, who quickly gave way, as she rushed by them. It was the stranger in the blue velvet bonnet.

Edmund Dufonte mounted the scaffold, the priest pronounced a final prayer, the lookers-on murmured an expression of pity for the handsome youth who was so soon to suffer for a supposed crime, and the hand upon the dial pointed to one minute of two o'clock.

The Procureur du Roi rushed along the avenue; he came in view of the scaffold; and he bore in his hand a white parchment.

"Quick!" screamed a voice behind him; and turning, he beheld the form of his midnight visitor, who hurried down the path.

"Hold!" shouted the Procureur du Roi, as he advanced rapidly to the foot of the platform, and beheld the headsman about to execute the duty of his office. The clock struck two.

"A reprieve! A pardon from the King!" exclaimed the officer in command, seizing the document from the hand of the Procureur du Roi; and a wild shout of congratulation arose from the sympathizing multitude.

The arms of the prisoner were quickly released—his pardon was pronounced—the crowd rent the air with their enthusiastic hurrahs—and Edmund Dufonte sprang from the scaffold to embrace the form of his deliverer—the mysterious visitor of Monsieur Fugare.

The Procureur du Roi insisted that the generous, innocent Dufonte should instantly enter his carriage, and proceed with him to his own dwelling, in company with her who had effected his escape (for purposes of mutual explanation); and in a few minutes the now happy lovers were seated before Monsieur, in his private studio.

"The details of this unfortunate affair are known, I believe," said the Procureur du Roi, "but to ourselves. My son has disappeared—none knows whither. This morning, before I left with your pardon, Monsieur Dufonte, I received a missive from him, without date, confessing his crime, and praying for my intervention to save you. That is accomplished; and I congratulate you upon your escape. And now, madam, allow me to know to whom we are all so deeply indebted for this well-timed delivery?" continued he, addressing the female stranger, earnestly.

With a trembling hand did his gentle visitor remove the thick veil which shadowed her fair features from view, and restless, indeed, was the anxious gaze of the Procureur du Roi, as he now sought the beautiful face which had hitherto been entirely excluded from his gaze beneath the blue velvet bonnet. But the blood rushed from his heart; he sat tran fixed in his chair; he could not trust his sense as he listened to the now altered tones of the voice, hitherto so successfully disguised. Astounded, he gazed upon the fair face, and heard the words, "Father, forgive me!"

"Josephine! My daughter!" said the astonished Procureur du Roi.

"Monsieur, your pardon now!" continued Edmund Dufonte; and the two lovers knelt at his feet, hand in hand.

Monsieur Fugare saw it all. His own daughter it was who had gained entrance so mysteriously to his private chamber; it was his loved Josephine who had secretly favored the innocent and generous Edmund; it was his child who had saved her lover—who was alone the party (beyond those immediately concerned) who was conversant with the distressing fact relating to the fatal encounter. The papers were destroyed, Edmund was forgiven, and the father did not hesitate to bless them and countenance their intimacy.

Poor Ernest lived to repent of his rash crime, but he never returned to his native land. His absence was mourned some years, and his death was finally made known to his afflicted parents and relatives. The generosity of Edmund was never forgotten by the father of the really guilty

man, and he lived to see his Josephine happy in a union with him whose life she had so curiously saved. In her interview with her father, she had so disguised her voice and person that no suspicions were excited; and on her midnight visit, Josephine returned from her father's studio to her own chamber, near by, thus eluding pursuit on that occasion. The circumstances of the reprieve were never publicly alluded to in the family. Edmund made a faithful and affectionate husband—the father forgave the lover and the loved; but he never forgot the appearance and the ruse of the mysterious stranger, or the story of Josephine's Love.

AGNES LANE.

Agnes Lane was an orphan, dependent on the charity of a rich uncle. Poor, and withal very plain in face, she was neglected by the gay fashionables who frequented her uncle's house and paid obsequious attention to her fair cousin Gertrude.

But Agnes had a heart—a warm, true, womanly heart it was; but all its outgushing affection, was thrown back upon itself. There was within her a wild yearning to be loved, cherished and appreciated. However, as it was she had but little chance of being treated with even common politeness when her beautiful cousin was near.

Gertrude Arden was beautiful, and to do her justice she was naturally good-hearted, but flattery and fashion had conspired to make her vain and frivolous. Accustomed always to be first in all circles where the stronger sex pay homage to the weaker, she thought not of yielding to her humble cousin those little attentions which make a woman's life an earthly paradise. Gertrude never was unkind, but thoughtless often.

Among the visitors to Mr. Arden's splendid mansion none were nobler, handsomer or worthier than Eustace Clinton, the only child of a deceased millionaire. Every one prophesied that many moons would not wax and wane ere Eustace and Gertrude would call each other by a tenderer name than that of friend, and indeed circumstances seemed to justify the assertion, for Clinton and Miss Arden were constantly together, at the social party, the promenade and the opera.

Agnes saw much of Clinton, necessarily, and she thought him the noblest of all her cousin's admirers. Her enthusiastic soul saw in him one whom the earthly had left uncontaminated—one nearly allied to the heavenly. She felt happy in his presence; she was glad when he came; she sighed when he went away.

Gradually in her lone young heart there had grown a regard for Eustace Clinton, and that regard had deepened into an earnest, self-sacrificing love. It was a strong love, pent up close within her own bosom; it thrived upon the remembrance of a tone, a look, a smile. But Agnes would not have confessed as much to herself; she guarded well her heart, and put a seal upon her lips.

The all-memorable day sacred to Saint Valentine was at hand.

Gertrude was wondering what would be decreed to her on that important day, and in her joyous anticipation she hinted to Agnes that it might be the betrothal ring from Eustace Clinton.

Agnes felt a sharp pain at her heart, as her cousin said this, but hers was a face that told no tales.

Painfully that night did the poor orphan feel her utter loneliness, when the gay, gilded missives, filled with earnest protestations for her fair cousin, were brought in. Of course, there was none for Agnes. Who would notice a poor dependent like her?

Tears came up in Agnes's eyes. Not that she had expected any remembrance, not that she had cared for those simple little trifles called Valentines; but if there had been but one for her it would have shown that some one in the wide world thought of her and wished to make her happy on that festal day.

Gertrude tossed the shining tokens into a heap, declaring petulantly that it was too bad for Clinton to disappoint her so, when she had expected something exquisite from him.

Agnes sighed softly—'twas a habit she had when she did not choose to reply to a remark.

Presently the door-bell rang. Gertrude sprang forward.

"It is Clinton's Valentine for me, I know," she said, triumphantly. "I thought it very strange that he should have forgotten me," and she met the servant, who had replied to the summons, in the middle of the hall. "Letters for me, John?" and she held out her hand.

"Miss Agnes Lane," said John, reading from the envelope.

"For Agnes?" ejaculated Gertrude, in surprise. "Let me have it—quick, quick, John! Who could have been sending a valentine to our Agnes?"

Agnes had risen at the sound of her name, and stood, crimson with emotion, just within the parlor door.

"Give it to me, Gertrude," she said, eagerly, approaching her cousin, "give it to me, if it is for me."

"Nay, my flattered little cousin," said the gay beauty, laughingly; "wait until I have inspected it, will you? Ah! that is no lover's writing—it is a lady's chirography, evidently, some of your delightful rustic acquaintances,

Agnes, so you need not blashabout it," and she threw the letter contemptuously towards her.

Agnes picked it up, and hastened to her chamber. It was a delicately enamelled envelope, bore the post-mark of a neighboring town and directed to "Miss Agnes Lane," in a fair hand.

Agnes broke the pretty pink seal. There was a tiny sheet of delicate cream-colored lace-paper, with the simple words, "I love thee," in gilt letters on a pale satin scroll. That was all. Agnes turned it round and round, in search for some letter or word which might reveal to her its origin, but all was pure and stainless.

She sat down and thought. Who could have sent it to her? Who remembered her? Was it true that some one loved her? Did Valentines always speak truly? And poor little Agnes was as happy as any titled countess of the imperial regime.

Laugh, if ye will, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maidens! who annually receive bushels of St. Valentine's mystic tokens, but when ye have been like Agnes, alone in the world, beloved, caressed, and smiled on by nobody, ye will rejoice even in the imagination that one cares for you.

Agnes's sleep that night was sweet and full of pleasant dreams. Of course we would not pretend to say for certain, but we presume that Eustace Clinton figured quite conspicuously in the rosy dream pictures.

Gertrude laughed at Agnes's Valentine, declaring, with a pitying toss of her pretty head, that somebody did it to impose on poor Agnes's credulity, and forthwith the remembrance of the Valentine went out of every heart but one.

Mr. Clinton came, as usual, quite often, taking Gertrude out for rides and to concerts.

The next week after the memorable fourteenth of February the public were thrown into a state of eager excitement by the announcement that the world-renowned nightingale, the fair Jenny, was coming to visit and sing to them.

The admission fees were enormous, and only the "upper tendom" could afford to gratify their sense of hearing by lightening so perceptibly their money receptacles.

Two days before the night fixed on for the concert Mr. Clinton called to solicit the pleasure of Gertrude's company on the occasion of the concert. Gertrude gladly consented and cast a look of triumph at poor Agnes, who was sewing at a window.

Clinton looked that way also.

"Have you a taste for music, Miss Lane?" said he, kindly passing to her side as he spoke. She raised her dark, melancholy eyes to his face and said, half sadly,

"Oh, yes, I love music very much."

A pleased expression passed over Clinton's fine face, as he said:

"Will you not favor us with your society to-morrow evening? It will increase my consequence," he added, laughingly, "to have two ladies under my care, and Miss Arden will undoubtedly enjoy the music better if her cousin listens also."

Agnes tried to answer negatively, but Mr. Clinton overruled her objections, and so it was arranged that Agnes was to go with Mr. Clinton and her cousin.

Mr. Clinton called the ensuing evening for the cousins, and they all went together in the carriage of the Clintons.

Agnes was enraptured with the singing, and Clinton was very happy in seeing the happiness he had wrought.

The next morning after the concert Mr. Clinton called at Mr. Arden's. Gertrude was out on a shopping expedition, but it was just as well, for Mr. Clinton asked for Miss Lane, so the servant showed him into the parlor where Agnes was seated.

Agnes informed him of Miss Gertrude's absence, adding that she regretted it much, but that her cousin would return soon.

Mr. Clinton arose and took the vacant seat by Agnes on the sofa.

"I do not regret her absence," he said, earnestly. "It's only you I came to see—only you, Agnes," and he smiled upon her from his dark, thoughtful eyes. "Agnes," he said, again, taking her hands in his, "I have loved you a long time—the Valentine told you so, didn't it? Agnes, I have been getting deeper and deeper in love with your quiet goodness every day of my life. To me you are all that is beautiful and lovable in woman. You fill a void in my heart which has been a void since the days of my earliest boyhood."

Then he wound his arms around her and drew her very gently to his bosom, and Agnes, weary, lonely little Agnes, felt a great load of sorrow raised from her soul.

Very tenderly he kissed her, and smoothed back her dark hair caressingly, and Agnes closed her eyes in deep thankfulness.

And so it came out that Eustace Clinton sent the unpretending little Valentine, and Agnes Lane rejoiced in the true, earnest love of one noble and good.

Gertrude knew it all, after a while, and she pouted and wept after the manner of a spoiled beauty. But the arrival of a lover in the form of a rich gentleman, did much towards soothing her woe, and she even congratulated her cousin on her brilliant prospects.

When the autumn wind began to whirl the sere leaves relentlessly on its wings Eustace took Agnes to his splendid home—his wife.

And she lives, loving and beloved, the idol of her husband's heart, and the cherished one of his household—good and true, if not beautiful.



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THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We request intending contributors to take notice that in future Rejected Contributions will not be returned.

Letters requiring a private answer should always contain a stamp for return postage.

No notice will be taken of contributions unaccompanied by the name and address of the writer (not necessarily for publication,) and the Editor will not be responsible for their safe keeping.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The following contributions are respectfully declined: "Canada First;" "To L. B.;" "The Tempest;" "The Partridge;" "By no Means Flattering."

MAGAZINES.

MARCH ATLANTIC.—Ralph Keeler's remarkable narrative of how Owen Brown escaped from Harper's Ferry will have a special interest from the circumstances, fresh in every one's mind, of Mr. Keeler's sudden end; and Mr. Howells adds a personal tribute to his memory. The two serials, "Prudence Palfrey" by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, a story of New England and of Colorado; and "Mose Evans," by William M. Baker, a story of Southern life since the war, increase in interest, and have, this month, remarkable passages. The other articles are humorous and picturesque. "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing" by Charles Dudley Warner; "In a Market-Wagon," by G. P. Lathrop; "Life in the Backwoods of Canada," by H. B. K. Poetry: Wonderings, by A. L. Carlton; Melanie, by W. L. Brigham; Ships, by H. K. Hudson; Patience Dow, by Marian Douglas, Winter Epithalamium, by Charlotte F. Bates; Story: "John's Trial," by P. Deming. Essays: A Mediæval Naturalist, by J. H. A. Bone; Aborigines of California, by Stephen Powers. With full criticisms in Literature, Art, and Music.

A SPIRITUAL "MANIFESTATION."—A writer in the Washington *Star* relates the following anecdote of the White House: "During the civil war a letter was received by the State Department, following a telegraph despatch from Boston, relating in terms of such conviction and certainty a plot to undermine and blow up the Executive Mansion, with Mr. Lincoln and all his Ministers, on some Cabinet or reception day, that Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior, was confidentially charged to investigate it. He sent for a native District and Union man, known to every citizen, and asked him if it could be arranged to have some expert mechanic examine the White House cellar and approaches, without exciting suspicion among the workmen. He said he knew such a man, and called in Tom Lewis, a reliable master mason. Lewis took a gang of men, picks, shovels, &c., and informing them that he wanted to excavate for a drain or spring which made the cellar damp, had floors taken up, countermines and trenches dug, and informed Mr. Lincoln, who was not a particle scared, that he could see nothing like the work of Guy Fawkes. Caleb Smith was much exercised, however, and telegraphed to his informant in Boston to write more explicitly. The man did so, and assured the Secretary that 'there could be no mistake about his information, for he had derived it personally by communication with spirits.'"

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR MARCH.—The Mountains of Western North Carolina are the subject of Mr. Edward King's graphic "Great South" contribution to *Scribner's* for March; which is accompanied by a profusion of illustrations from sketches by Champney. Dr. Robinson discourses in the same number of the Women of the Arabs; and there is a brief account of "The Heiress of Washington," a very interesting little bit of history. Two articles of special importance are anonymous, papers on John Stuart Mill, and unimpassioned, but not the less startling account of the "Crédit Mobilier." There is "A Dream Story" by the author of "Patty;" and a curious tale entitled "The Tachypomp," by a new writer. Miss Trafton's, and Mrs. Davis's serials are continued, and there are poems by R. H. Stoddard, John Fraser, Anna C. Brackett, James T. Fields, and Joel Benton. Dr. Holland, in his "Topics of the Time," discourses of "Literary Hinderances," "The Delusions of Drink," and "The Press and the Publishers." The Old Cabinet is full of "Misery," and in "Culture and Progress" is a notice of some length of the "New Poet," James Boyle O'Reilly.

The March number of *Old and New* has some good story reading, some striking poetry, and some seasonable and instructive papers on social subjects. Although "Scrope" is omitted for this number, Mr. Trollope's novel proceeds as usual; the lively three-part Washington novelette is concluded; and there is a very bright California sketch by H. A. Berton, called "The Quickledge Partners." Biography is also pretty strong in this number, their being a curious account of Thomas Muir, who was a victim of the British sedition laws about the time of the French Revolution; a sketch of Mrs. Mary Somerville, the famous lady mathematician, and another of the late Dr. John Warren. Of the three poems, one is a sentimental translation from Ruckert, by Rev. C. T. Brooks; one is a gloomy but striking meditation among the tombs at New Orleans, by the late Joseph M. Field, father of the well-known lively newspaper lady, Miss Kate Field, and the third is an imaginative and thoughtful picture of the Athenian "Winged Victory" and its meaning. The strongest department of the number is its social science, however. Under this head, comes a paper on Labor Organization, with a plan for running a factory on co-operative principles; another of Mr. Quincy's acute paper on charity tax-exemption; and more especially an instructive paper on the U. S. Shipping Law, so-called, and its efficiency in protecting our merchant seamen from the infamous sharking and abuse of the sailor landlords. Under this head also comes a sensible recommendation, by Mr. Hale in the Introduction that it should be made the regular business of the churches to conduct, each in its own district, the "out-door poor relief" business. Some of the minor papers in the "Examiner" and "Record of Progress" belong under the same head, particularly two intelligent and strongly written reviews, one by a man and one by a woman of Dr. Clarke's remarkable book, "Sex in education." Altogether this is an unusually valuable number of the magazine.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR MARCH.—The March number of *St. Nicholas* opens with a very useful article on Edward Jenner, by Clarence Cook. Accompanying this is a fine engraving of the statue of Jenner by Monteverde. Miss Alcott contributes a story, "Roses and Forget-me-nots;" Robert Dale Owen has a sketch of his boyhood, "Rascally Sandy;" there is a sea-side story, full of adventure and fun, by Noah Brooks; a sketch of Gulliver, the Lilliputians, and Swift, by Donald G. Mitchell; a well illustrated story, "What the Stork Saw," by H. L. H. Ward; and a narrative true to nature, of a girl's adventures when "snowed in" on a Western prairie. A capital poem, "Elfin Jack, the Giant-Killer," by J. S. Stacy, who is becoming highly popular with the readers of *St. Nicholas*, will delight both old and young. We also find among the poems, a very beautiful bit of verse, by the Editor, called "March;" "Peter Parrot," by Rose Terry Cooke; and a delightful little thing by Mary A. Lathbury, entitled "The Trio," with an illustration by the author. The three serials increase in interest, "Nimpo's Troubles," by Olive Thorne, containing a remarkably well-told story of a poor, half-starved negro man, who accidentally found the key of his master's wine and provision cellar. A dog, named Rob, comes to the front under very favorable circumstances, in Frank R. Stockton's story, "What Might Have Been Expected;" and Jack Hazard and his friend George, in "Fast Friends," develop a genius for money-making which, we expect, will afford the author an opportunity for a good deal of lively incident in the course of the story. The illustrations are up to the usual high standard, and there are some very striking full-page pictures. The engraving called "Some Curious Fishes," drawn by Jas. C. Beard, will open the eyes of the youngsters. The French Story is usually good this month, and is well illustrated. We notice that a "Letter Box" has been added to the attractions of the Magazine. This will be good news to young people who like to ask questions of editors.

OUR JEMIMAS.

The days of "neat-handed Phyllis," the deft attendant of our table and servant of our household, seem to have merged into the dead years of the past. Smilingly, gently, carefully yet quickly she went about her daily toil.

Knowing her work well, she did it as thoroughly as willingly, and her presence in a family was an undeniable sign of domestic comfort and happiness. Now we have changed all that, and for the worse. Phyllis has departed; and her place has been, nominally at least, filled with some great awkward lout of a Jemima, knowing not her right hand from her left, dirty to an unbearable degree, a "crockery-smasher" of most superior excellence, and only quick with that sharp-pointed weapon of female warfare—the tongue. From all sides come to us complaints of a like nature. Servants of any sort are not to be obtained except with considerable difficulty; good ones may be hunted for unsuccessfully for months and months together; while the real old family domestic of the first-class, who clung to the roof-tree through evil fortune and through good, who was in fact the *ne plus ultra* of useful, happy, and faithful servitude, has become as rare as the White Elephant, if not as extinct as the Dodo.

This question is broad, long, deep, and of the first importance, and cannot be dealt with as it deserves in a single article; let it be our task now to remark alone on Jemima, the miserably inefficient substitute for the Phyllis of former times, leaving other classes for future opportunities should such present themselves. But we may note *en passant* that there are certain generalities applicable to the whole body of servants of the present day, and that what is broadly stated of one section may be equally well said of all. To return to Jemima—it will hardly be denied that she is, in almost every respect, the exact opposite of her predecessor Phyllis. The latter was well trained, the former is grossly ignorant. Phyllis was a miracle of cleanliness. Phyllis was neat and modest in her raiment as well as in her general appearance; Jemima thinks herself "nowhere" if she cannot gaudily and tawdriily follow—any absurd fashion of the day—if she cannot have a woollen chignon, and a "panier" like unto that displayed by her mistress. Phyllis stayed at home and was happy and contented; Jemima is always "on the gad;" is hysterically miserable when left by herself, and is invariably "on the grumble." Phyllis was affectionate and faithful; Jemima cares for not one living soul in the house she has selected for her temporary abode, and would rather injure than promote the interests of her employers. Finally, Phyllis was deferential and respectful; Jemima is bumptious, aggressive, and counts it her chief pleasure and excitement in life to "pitch into Missus" when she is tired of the service, and longs for that constant change which seems an essential of life to the girls of the present day. Now why should these things be so? The particular causes are many and varied; the general ones can be put in a small compass; but the latter contain the former and will suffice, at least for the present, for our purpose. Lord Howard of Glossop, adverting to this subject at the recent "Appreciation" meeting summoned by his Lordship the Bishop of Salford, hit the nail very straightly on the head when he attributed the inferiority—to use no stronger term—of the servants of the present day to the absence of a "good groundwork leading to advancement." Lord Howard is evidently of opinion that want of proper working education is the cause of our having such bad servants, and he ably pointed out that a sound, practical, religious training—which will naturally produce a conscientious desire to excel in the selected sphere of labor—is what is essential for the production of domestics at once useful to their employers, happy in themselves, and content with the lot they are destined to retain in life. With that opinion we cordially agree, and it comprises so much that we think it almost needless to point out certain additions which might be made in words, but are in reality contained in it, and readily discernible by the thoughtful mind. Practically, we do not educate our Jemimas; we do not lay that "good groundwork leading to advancement;" and until we supply those gravest of all omissions, it will be useless for us to look for valuable and faithful domestics. Those of our Jemimas born and bred and brought up in towns, are, to an immense extent worthless. The air of great cities seems to stifle the moral instincts, to stop the moral growth. There are scenes and sights, and words and deeds of evil always crowding round the town-bred poor girl which must ever blunt, if they do not—and alas! how often they do!—entirely destroy the teachings of religion and virtue; and when the same girl grows up the same bad associations will still cling around her like a deathbearing miasma, and very possibly drag her to destruction. She is vain; fond of finery of companions, of pleasures, and of dissipation; even; she is restless and eager for change; she ignores all ambition to excel because she knows from the state of the servant-market, she can at will get another place; she loses her self respect, and, as a consequence, her respects for all others; and she gains that horrible mockery of "independence" which speedily transforms her from a tender woman into a very tangible likeness of the brazen wretches perambulating the streets of every city. She has not been "educated" for a servant; like "Topsy" she has "grewed" into the position in which she finds herself; she never finds the path, because she does not care to look for it, "leading to advancement"—lucky for her indeed if she does not hit upon the tract going straight to degradation.

Town girls, too, can always obtain remunerative employment, where they are their own mistresses, after working hours—a tempting bait to thousands—but into that and other branches of the question we cannot now enter.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.—The Critics are very fond of falling foul of a novelist for what they term the improbabilities of his fiction. Here is a piece of fact—but, at the same time, so wild an adventure, that he would have been a daring novelist who would have incorporated it in his work:—"During the passage of H.M.S. *Seagull* from Ascension, and in the midst of a heavy squall, orders were given to shorten sail, when Lock, a fine young fellow, and very popular with the crew, was thrown by a lurch of the ship from the topgallant-yard into the sea, a distance of eighty feet. The alarm was given, the engines stopped, the lifebuoy let go, and the boat lowered, but it was thought to be a forlorn hope; and after twenty minutes had elapsed a gun was fired to recall the boat, which returned and was duly hoisted up. Lock was known to be a strong swimmer; but more out of respect for the poor fellow, whom all regarded as gone for ever, than with any hope of saving him, the ship lay to fully an hour after the accident. As the crew were gloomily peering over the bulwarks into the black waters, a faint cry was distinctly heard right ahead, and then arose such a cheer as only British tars can give. The boat was again lowered with wild haste, and from its crew presently came up, loud above the whistling wind, a shout of joy. In five minutes more, Lock stood upon the deck."

EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—An extraordinary case was investigated by the Birmingham (England) Stipendiary. A young couple, the husband only nineteen and the wife seventeen, had, it appeared, both been on the point of committing suicide, after three months' married life, because they believed in certain statements of a fortune-teller in the Black Country. They had visited the fortune-teller together, and the husband had been told that he would have three wives, and the wife would be implicated in serious troubles and would not die in bed. These things, according to the story of the young woman, induced her to buy poison, which she was prevented from taking by the police. She afterwards attempted to drown herself. The lad also wrote a letter to his wife, saying he had drowned himself. The case was remanded, and the police are in search of the fortune-teller.

THE INVISIBLE CHILDREN.—Oh, it is not when your children are with you; it is not when you see and hear them, that they are most to you; it is when the sad assemblage is gone; it is when the daisies have resumed their growing again over the place where the little form was laid; it is when you have carried your children out and said farewell, and come home again and day and night are full of sweet memories; it is when summer and winter are full of touches and suggestions of them; it is when you cannot look up toward God without thinking of them; nor look down toward yourself and not think of them; it is when they have gone out of your arms and are living to you only by the power of imagination, that they are the most to you. The invisible children are the real children—the children that touch our hearts as no hands of flesh ever could touch them.

ROAST TURKEY.—Remove the outer skin from a quantity of chestnuts; set them to boil in salt water, with a handful of coriander seeds and a couple of bay leaves. When nearly done drain off the water, and remove the inner skin of the chestnuts. Cut up half a pound of butter into small pieces, mix it with the chestnuts, when cold, together with a small onion finely chopped. Sprinkle the mixture with pepper, salt, and powdered spice to taste, and stuff the turkey with it. Cut some thin slices of fat bacon, tie them with thread over the body and breast of the bird, and set it to roast at a moderate fire, basting frequently with butter. A quarter of an hour before the turkey is done remove the bacon, and just before serving sprinkle the bird freely with fine salt. Serve with sausages.

NEWS NOTES.

A reciprocity treaty is about to be arranged between the Sandwich Islands and the United States.

Forged Western Union Telegraph Bonds to the extent of \$100,000 have been placed on the London market.

A petition, signed by over 350 of the largest steel consumers in the United States, has been forwarded to Congress, the object of which is a reduced and specific duty on steel.

A Pittsburg despatch says producers and refiners have formed a ring to raise the price of petroleum.

A Brooklyn Jury has awarded a boy \$2,000 damage for injuries by a horse-car through the driver's negligence.

Three thousand women of New York city have offered their services to the conductors of the Union Temperance Prayer Meeting against the liquor traffic.

The leading manufacturers of Baltimore have memorialized the Secretary of the Treasury, protesting against the eight hour law which he has laid before the House.

The Duc de Broglie has issued an order to Prefects to watch citizens who leave for Chislehurst to do homage to the Prince Imperial on his attaining his majority.

The motion for a plebiscite in Alsace and Lorraine on the question of nationality, brought up in the German Reichstag has been defeated.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

Upon the margin of the Sea of Life,
Watching its troubled waves, a young man
stood;
He felt no shrinking from the coming strife,
No fear that time would bring him aught but
good.
For all the future seemed most wondrous fair,
As pictured by his fancy, and he saw
The world all hope, undimmed by grief or care,
And happiness the universal law.
He saw the joys of life on every hand,
Waiting for man to take them and be blest;
He saw mankind one firm united band,
Each striving for the welfare of the rest—
Each laboring in his proper time and place,
With all the power which God to him had
given,
To raise himself, and, through himself, his race,
Higher from out the dust and nearer heaven.
And many dreams of honor, power, and fame
With large ambition fired the young man's
breast.
He thought to build him an eternal name
Before he sought the stillness of his rest.
He longed to stand confessed a master mind,
A teacher of great truths as yet untaught,
And, dying, be remembered by his kind
As one who had not lived and died for naught.
But Time dispelled these golden dreams, and
filled
Their place with prospects of a darker kind,
And hard experience all too quickly chilled
The fiery ardor of his youthful mind.
He found men disunited—some pursuing
Their selfish ends in dark and crooked ways,
And others in their thoughtless zeal undoing
The good that had been wrought in former
days.
He found that oftentimes the loftiest place
In men's esteem is gained by shame and
wrong,
The swift being seldom foremost in the race,
The battle seldom falling to the strong.
He saw full many a man of sterling worth
Toiling through life in poverty and pain,
While many a fool achieved by chance or birth
The highest worldly rank that man may gain.
He found the upward pathway hard to climb,
And hardest oft to him who labors most—
That Death destroys the fruits of toil and time,
And fame is seldom won till life is lost.
And, as the days and seasons onward rolled,
And found his golden hopes no nearer won,
He asked himself, as asked the sage of old,
"What is the end of labor 'neath the sun?"
But 'midst the selfish throng at length he found
One heart that was not to be bought and sold—
One gentle tongue that knew not how to
wound—
One friendship unalloyed by hope of gold,
Fair as the heavenly maids whose charms
adorn
The gorgeous fables of the Eastern clime—
Pure as the purest soul that e'er has borne
The stamp of mortal since the birth of Time—
Was she he loved; and 'neath her sunny smile
The weight of disappointment, doubt, and
pain,
Which had oppressed his spirit for a while,
Vanished, and he began to dream again.
He saw her filling to the very brim
His cup of life, with joys as yet unknown,
And, by her sweet example, raising him
To purity as perfect as her own.
She taught him that the failure or success
Of man's endeavors cometh from above—
That Life's great end and aim is happiness,
And all true happiness is born of love.
Thus end full oft the dreams of power and fame
Which fill in early youth man's ardent soul;
But, though we fail to win our chosen aim,
We reach a higher and a happier goal.

PUTTING ONE'S FOOT IN IT.

Reader have you ever "put your foot in it?"
I know you have, some time or another. Every
one must be acquainted with the indescribable
thrill which passes through him on finding that
he has committed himself. You are perhaps
holding an interesting conversation at a mu-
sical party with a young lady to whom you
were introduced a few minutes ago, while an-
other young lady, at the piano, is giving a gen-
eral invitation to the company to "meet her
once again." You remark in an off-hand way,
"Wretched voice that girl's got—pitifully let
her sing," when, glancing from the performer
to your companion, you suddenly realize that
they match like two volumes in a set, both
being neatly got up in book muslin and green
trimmings. A shudder passes through you, and
it does not require the lady's distant manner to
tell you that the fair performer is her sister. Of
course, you proceed to talk wildly about nothing
at all, hoping against hope that your remark
was unheard; but the conversation, such as it
is, flags, and you take an early opportunity of
slipping away from the offended sister. Or
perhaps, at another time, while talking to a
friend on amusements in general, you remark
casually that you hate backgammon, and only
play it when driven to do so. It is not until

half an hour afterwards that it flashes across
you that, on the very last occasion on which
you were at this friend's house, you spent two
long hours in rattling the dice and in taking
and being taken up.
Such contretemps as these must at times fall
to everybody's lot, but there is a certain class of
individuals whose fate it seems to be to "put
their foot in it" on every available occasion.
There are some unhappy men who are perpet-
ually floating calmly and unconsciously into
the very midst of a dilemma, and then floun-
dering helplessly about like a fish in a net. Or
else, as some of them do, floating in and out
again with mild complacency, unconscious of
any harm, while every one present tries to as-
sume the same appearance of happy unconsci-
ousness.
Take young Mr. Chaffinch, for instance. He
would not intentionally say anything personal
for world, and yet he can scarcely open his lips
without committing himself in some way. He
has been within an ace of having his head pun-
ched two or three times by certain irascible vic-
tims of his unfortunate speeches, when all the
time he was under the impression he was say-
ing something very complimentary or very
witty. So sure as there is an opening for Mr.
Chaffinch's special faculty, so sure is he to take
advantage of it. He rather prides himself on
filling up awkward pauses in conversation; and
if he can do nothing better, he will ask a riddle.
Unfortunately, his riddles are generally per-
sonal. Conversation having flagged in the mid-
dle of dinner, Mr. Chaffinch thinks he cannot do
better than set it going again by asking one of
his pet riddles. It so happens that his opposite
neighbor is a lawyer; what can be more appro-
priate, then, than to ask the company gener-
ally, and this gentleman in particular, the well-
known riddle about the resemblance between a
lawyer and an uneasy person in bed? Everybody
wonders and looks at the ceiling, and Mr. Chaf-
finch smiles blandly. At last they give it up,
and Mr. Chaffinch, does the same with the an-
swer. Now, the riddle, although it may be a
good one, is hardly complimentary to the legal
profession; so the answer falls flat, and the
lawyer seems to see the joke less than any one.
If a riddle does not happen to strike him, Mr.
Chaffinch makes conversation by saying play-
fully across the table—
"I saw you the other day, Mrs. Macaw."
"Yes?" says the lady, with a sweet smile.
"Where was that?"
"Ah! I wonder where: can't you guess?"
returns Mr. Chaffinch, smiling. "The Miss
Macaws were with you," he adds, as a sort of
assistance to Mrs. Macaw's memory.
"Wherever could it have been? Do tell,"
scream the three Miss Macaws in chorus.
Everybody's attention is now aroused. Mr.
Chaffinch's heart is not adamant; and at last,
as if he were giving an answer to one of his
riddles, he says, "It was at the corner of Tot-
tenham Court-road;" and then he goes on as
if the best part were still to come—"You were
just getting out of a 'bus."
As Mrs. Macaw and her daughters are never
supposed to ride in any more public vehicle
than a hired brougham at least, it is as well for
Mr. Chaffinch's peace of mind that he does not
hear the remarks that are made about him by
the four ladies when they go home.
Although Mr. Chaffinch is always getting into
trouble when he is in company, in his own fam-
ily he gets on smoothly enough. It is only when
he is engaged in making polite conversation
that his mishaps occur, and at home one seldom
is so overwhelmed with a sense of politeness as
to manufacture conversation.
Poor Mr. Jones is the man to put his foot in
it at home. He lives in a state of continual
dread of what his next words may bring upon
him. It is hardly his fault, poor man; as he
is blessed with that most trying of all posses-
sions, a partner of an uncertain temper. Not
that she scolds—oh, no; but she is one of those
ladies who, in their own opinion, suffer a per-
petual martyrdom.
Mr. Jones has been married twice, and, ac-
cording to the present Mrs. Jones, he is always
referring to the deceased in terms detrimental
to his present spouse.
He is a great man for reminiscences, and if
he happens to begin—
"When poor Eliza was alive—"
"There, I'm sure it's a pity I am not in my
grave," breaks in the injured Mrs. Jones. "You
are always talking in that way. I know you
wish I was dead."
"I was only going to say, my dear," remon-
strates Mr. Jones, pathetically, "that when
Eliza was alive, meat was a penny a pound
cheaper than it is now."
"Yes," returns the martyr, not to be pacified,
"and I know you think I have something to do
with the price of the meat. But, never mind,
I shall be gone soon, and you will be able to
have another Eliza."
At this stage Mrs. Jones's feelings are gener-
ally too much for her, and she has recourse to her
pocket handkerchief.
If on another occasion Mr. Jones happens to
remark, "Isn't this chicken a little tough,
my dear?" his spouse replies with a resigned
air—
"I can never do anything right. I chose
that chicken myself. You are always com-
plaining."
"Oh, I am not complaining," hastily puts in
the meek Mr. Jones. "In fact, I—I rather
like it tough."
One of his friends happened to quote in Mr.
Jones's hearing, the other day, the old prov-
erb—
"Think twice before you speak once."

"Ah!" murmured Mr. Jones, with a sigh, "I
generally think half-a-dozen times, and then
say something wrong after all."
There are some unfortunate individuals who
are always getting into hot water with the
other members of their family, but injudicious-
ly dragging things from behind the scenes
which in reality should remain in the farthest
background. The Tomkineses, for example,
have a brother who means well, and who is old
enough to know better; but he is always
making unhappy remarks.
In the middle of dinner he will call across
the table—
"Oh, Eliza, I took that chig. of yours to the
hairdresser. He says it's all right, and you
shall have it back to-morrow."
Young Mr. Arundel, whom Eliza admires so
much—in fact, she is quietly setting her chig-
non at him—looks aghast, both on account of
the delicate nature of the communication, and
also at finding that the adorable chignon is
false.
Poor Eliza is so overcome that she can say
nothing.
Old Mr. Tomkins is nearly as bad as his son;
and Eliza has hardly cooled from the effects of
her brother's remark, when the old gentleman
suddenly says—
"Why, Eliza, what have you got your best
earrings on for?"
The simple old gentleman has no tact. Mrs.
Tomkins noticed the earrings a quarter of an
hour ago, but said nothing. Was not Mr. Arun-
del's presence sufficient explanation for any
sensible parents?
After Mr. Arundel has gone, Eliza fires up at
her brother.
"Tom, how could you say that about my
chignon before Mr. Arundel?"
And turning to Mr. Tomkins, senior, she
adds, in an injured tone—
"And, papa, I wish you would not make re-
marks about my dress when strangers are pre-
sent."
Father and son look rather sheepish: but
murmur something about not seeing any harm
in it.
Another of those who are always putting their
foot in it, and with whom we have little sym-
pathy, is the would-be funny man. If he only
knew the amount of anything but good wishes
which he almost daily brings down upon his
unconscious head, we think that it would take
all his funniness out of him for the rest of his
days. His wit seldom rises above a pun; but
we will say for him, that he seldom misses an
opportunity of displaying it in this form. Per-
sonal or otherwise, a pun is a pun to him, and
out it must come. If at a friendly gathering
there should happen to be a Mr. Graves present,
our funny man would, without the least hesita-
tion, ask him, in a tone evidently intended for
the rest of the company to hear, whether he is
not a very sly dog.
Mr. Graves of course looks rather mystified,
but says that he does not know that he is.
"Oh! rejoins our friend, "I thought you
must be, because most graves are deep."
Mr. Graves seems to bear out the character
given him, for he certainly conceals his admira-
tion of the pun very effectually.
On another occasion, when his family have
a few friends spending the evening with them,
and when they wish to appear specially gen-
teel, he will shock all their nerves by asking
his daughter Jane whether she buys her plums
by the dozen, as she has put so few in the cake.
Jane, who is not supposed to have so much as
seen the cake till the last few minutes, much
less to have made it, expresses her opinion to
her misguided parent concerning this question
at the close of the evening, in the privacy of his
own family.
It is only a person here and there who has
the peculiar faculty of putting his foot in it in
cases like the foregoing; but there are occa-
sions when even such cautious people as you and
I, reader, are liable to be caught tripping. One
of the most fruitful sources of danger in this
respect, and against which no one is entirely
proof, is the double entendre. We remember
an instance which happened to ourselves. We
were dining out at the time, and had next us
one of those spinster ladies of uncertain age,
who always make a point of enjoying to their
full extent the good things of this life. She had
just been helped to her third glass of cham-
pagne, and while it was still effervescing she re-
marked, with a delightful simper—
"How it froths!"
Wishing to follow up the remark, we said, in
a moralizing tone—
"Yes, but it goes down very quickly."
Now, reader, we have a tender heart, and
would not willingly hurt the feelings of a tad-
pole, so you may imagine our distress when we
observed immediately afterwards the double
meaning of our words.
We always pity those poor men who can
never make the smallest attempt at a speech
without going through a succession of absurd
blunders, chiefly in the shape of doubles en-
tendres. They generally see them themselves
directly they have made them, and the conse-
quence is they are in a perpetual state of cor-
recting and explaining what they said a mo-
ment before. There are few men who, having
committed themselves by any unlucky remark,
are able to withdraw from the dilemma grace-
fully; and as a result of our cogitations on this
subject, we think we may lay down the follow-
ing aphorism, "that the man is well bred who
never puts his foot in it; but he is better bred
who, having put it in, is able to take it out
again with success."

THE INTENDED ELOPEMENT.

Peeping through the leaves of the vine-cov-
ered bower, and watching eagerly the path
through the woods, was a beautiful little mai-
den. An anxious look was in her deep blue eyes
as pressing her hands over her heart as if to
stop its heavy beating, she said—
"Oh, why does he not come? How long a
time! If he had good news, I know he would
come quicker. Oh, I have not a mite of hope!"
The pretty lips quivered then, and she step-
ped back and sank on the mossy seat.
A moment after a sound, slight as the drop-
ping of leaves, caught her ear.
She sprang up, and for an instant a bright
light shone in her eyes, but quickly died away,
as the slow, heavy step came nearer, bringing
to sight a tall, noble-looking young man, whose
face, if less stern, would have been very hand-
some.
Without speaking, he clasped her out-stretch-
ed hand and drew her within his arms, shaking
his head sadly.
"I felt it was so, or you would have come
sooner," the maiden said, resting her head
against his shoulder.
"I had little, if any hope, Susie. I went this
last time because you bade me to."
"What did father say, Frank?"
"Over and over the same old story of having,
since your babyhood, intended you to be the
wife of his friend's son, Oh, if I were wealthier,
it would be all right, I know," Frank said, his
dark eyes flashing.
"Don't talk so, dear, please. I do not like to
hear you impute a wrong motive to my father.
I will never, never listen for one moment to any
words of love from George Forrester, or any
other man but you, Frank. So you may be sure,
if papa will not let me marry you, I will never
marry at all," Susie said, her eyes full of tears,
looking up to him.
"Susie I have made three appeals to your
father during the past year, each time finding
him, if possible, more determined to oppose our
happiness. I will never humiliate myself
again, and he will never yield. Now what will
you do?"
"Wait, hope, and pray; I can do nothing
more," Susie answered, in a tearful voice.
"Yes, Susie darling, you can, and secure our
immediate happiness. You can come with me,
be my own true wife, love."
"No—no—no; I cannot. I should not secure
our happiness. I should be miserable, and make
you so."
"Then I have nothing more to hope for. He
will not give you to me, and you will not come.
Oh, Susie, how can you send me off? You know
you are all the world to me. I lose you, I
lose everything. I am alone in the world.
There are many loved ones to comfort your fa-
ther, until he comes to his better nature and
calls you back to his heart. Susie, am I to leave
you for ever?"
The beautiful dark eyes were looking into
hers, filled with so much love. How could she
resist?
"No—no; I shall die if you leave me, never
to come again. Oh, what I am to do? I love
you better than my own life, Frank, indeed I
do!"
"But father—how can I desert him? He
loves me more than the other children. I am
the oldest, his first child, and so like what mo-
ther was."
"That is why he loves me so; and now she
has gone, I should stay."
"And break your heart, and mine too, Su-
sie?"
"If I thought, Frank, you would not mind it
very long—"
"You would give me up, and, in time, get
into your father's way of thinking, and end by
marrying the man he wants you to," Frank
said, withdrawing his arm and turning away
with a great sigh.
"Oh, Frank, how can you talk to me so?"
"Well Susie, it is useless prolonging our sor-
row. I had better say good-bye, and go tor-
ever."
"No—no, Frank, dear love. Oh! what I am
to do?"
"Be happy, my own, and make me so; be
my wife before I return to W—; go with me.
Susie, your mother loved me; I know, if here,
she would plead for me."
"Yes, she loved you; and perhaps, in her
blessed home, she will pity me, and win for
me forgiveness, alike from Heavenly as earthly
father, if longer my heart cannot resist my
love," Susie sobbed, dropping her golden head
on her lover's bosom, and promising all he
wished.
"The last night at home," she said; "on the
morrow I must go forth to return no more the
loving, dutiful child. Should he ever consent
to have me come back, I can never be again
what I once was to his heart. I shall have broken
the trust he held in me," Susie moaned.
Tenderly the brother and sister were minis-
tered to, her hand resting on each little head
as their lisping voices followed hers in the evening
prayer.
Willie and Emma rose, their demure faces
lifted to receive the good-night kiss.
But Rosie, the two-and-a-half-year baby, the
dying mother's sacred charge, wound her tiny
arms about the elder sister, and, with baby-like
perversity, hung on, lisping—
"Now Susu say too; please, Susu, do."
The baby pleaded.
And Susie, raising her eyes to Rosie's, felt
mother, not far away, but near—very near—
and pleading through her child.

The sunny head was dropped again, and Susie prayed, even as Rosie had begged her—prayed for guidance to the better way.

Three pairs of little pattering feet were resting—three rosy faces pressed the downy pillow, and Susie's evening task was done.

Gently she stole away.

"I will go to father myself to-night. I will plead with him until he must yield," Susie said, as, cautiously closing the door of the nursery, she entered her own room.

The evening was oppressive, and Susie's black dress became very uncomfortable.

Fitting about, guided by the moonbeams, she sought for something of lighter texture.

The mourning robe was laid aside, and a dress, white and fleecy, wrapped her slender form.

The clustering ringlets were smoothed back, and rolled in a heavy coil high on the back of her head.

"Now I will go down; father will be alone at this hour, and—"

She paused, raised her sweet eyes upward, and clasping her hands, she murmured—

"Mother in Heaven, plead for me!"

Noiselessly she opened the door, and glanced into the room.

Her father sat with his back towards her, leaning on a table, over which were scattered books and papers.

In his hand he held the picture of her mother.

She drew back a little, still, however, standing within the door.

She dared not interrupt the sacred privacy of the hour.

The rustle of her garments, light as it was, must have caught his ear, for his bowed head was raised.

"Mary, my wife, my own!" he cried, starting forward with extended arms. "Thank God for granting me one glimpse of you again."

Susie, awed and trembling, raised her eyes to see, clothed as in life, the same sweet, gentle face, the rippling hair, caught back from the smooth, clear brow.

"Mother!" she breathed forth.

The room was lighted only by the moonbeams; but the vision was plainly seen.

Another eager glance, and Susie stole away to her own room, and sank almost fainting into her mother's chair.

A little while, and grown calmer, she opened her eyes, to see again, directly in front of her, the same vision.

She started forward, stretching out her arms, and calling softly "Mother."

Nearer, nearer she drew, until, face to face, she stood beside the large mirror, in front of which she had seated herself.

Unwittingly in one of her mother's dresses she had robed herself, and gathered her curls in the manner her mother was accustomed to.

"How very, very like her I am. Yes, now I know; father saw me in the mirror opposite which I stood. Well, I will not break his sweet delusion. I meant it not, Heaven knows. Oh, if mother could only come to him, in dreams, perhaps, to plead for me. I cannot desert him, I cannot; I dare not. I will give up neither, but, clinging to both loved ones, I will trust to Heaven, for a happy decision."

With this determination, she sank to sleep, sweet and undisturbed.

Early next morning, as usual, she was in the breakfast-room, ministering to the little ones clustering around her.

The father's frown had lost its accustomed sternness, as he stood regarding his eldest child.

A gentle, sympathetic light was in his eyes as they rested on the sweet face grown older, much, in those days of anxious care.

How maternally she looked.

So patiently listening to, and answering every wish of the little ones.

At last they were all satisfied; and Susie seeing, as she thought, her father deeply interested in the morning paper, stole away to the trying-place.

"I cannot leave him, Frank. Indeed, I never can without his blessing rest on me. No, no," she cried, as she saw the disappointed and stern expression of her lover's face. "I have tried, in vain, to make my mind up to it. How can I give up either, loving you both so well?"

"You have trifled with me, Susie; you have broken your promise, too. You will, most likely, never see me after this morning, if I go from you. Are you determined?"

"Yes, dear, dear Frank, I am determined not to go unless father blesses and bids me go. I will trust my happiness to him and God, who ruleth all things," Susie answered, looking very sorrowful, notwithstanding her faith.

"Then, good bye."

She raised her face, pale and pleading to his.

"Kiss me good bye, Frank, and say, 'God bless me,'" she whispered.

He did as she pleaded, but there was an injured air in his manner.

As he parted from her, she sprang after him, crying—

"Forgive me, Frank, if I have wounded you. Know that to me it is worse. One little parting look of love, darling."

"Oh, Susie, how can you?" He pressed her again to his heart.

And, determined to make one more appeal, he said—

"Susie, darling! love! trust me for happiness. You will never repent it. Come!"

"No no. Go!"

He turned off quickly, angrily then; and Susie sank, sobbing on the grass.

"My daughter!"

She raised her eyes, heavy with tears. Beside her, with a sad, but kind and gentle face, her father stood.

With him a puzzled, doubtful expression on his features, her lover.

"Oh, Frank, I am so—so glad to see you again!" she cried, with as much joy beaming in her eyes as though their parting had been for years.

"Yes; as it is so very long since you saw him last!" her father said, with a pleasant smile.

"I feared it would be for years, perhaps for ever," Susie said, in a low voice, anxiously regarding her father, and a longing to beg an immediate explanation of her lover's return.

"My daughter, what did you intend to do after sending off this young man?—be a dutiful child, and wed as I wish you?"

"Never, never, father! I intend to be dutiful only so far as not wedding against your wishes, that is all—to leave the future to God, only praying constantly that some blessed influence may be sent to change your mind and heart," Susie answered, raising her eyes to his, filled with earnest determination.

"Your prayers must have commenced already, my child. Some influence hath surely been sent—some blessed influence, I truly believe."

"Yes, my child, you will wed to please your father."

"Here, Frank, take her."

"I ought to scold you for trying to coax her from me. I heard it all this morning. But I forgive you for her sake, and bless you, too, boy, for the sake of the one in Heaven who loved you."

"There, there, daughter, don't choke me with your kisses."

"Take her off, Frank, and make her happy. She is a good child, and will make a true and loving wife. God bless you both, my children!"

And so ended Susie's intended elopement.

DON'T CHANGE YOUR NAME.

When I asked Lucy Bacon to be Mrs. Hogg, she turned up her pert little nose, and said she could not think of taking such an outlandish name.

"The name's well enough," said I, *bristling* up. "You forget, surely, that like our distinguished namesake, we spell it with a double g."

"Do you think spelling it with a double w would make it any nicer to be called Mrs. Crow?" she asked, saucily.

With a grunt of disgust I turned my back on the provoking mix, and went my way, determined to banish her for ever from my thoughts.

But she would not be banished. Her image, confound it, was as obstinate as herself.

It would stick in my fancy, in spite of every effort to drive it out.

For some time I treated her with pouting dignity, met her pleasant greetings with stiff bows, and paid ostentatious court to her rival coquette, Pattie Dunn, whom I detested almost as much as she did.

But it was no use trying; I could not hold out.

Instead of resenting my conduct, Lucy kept her temper so admirably, and made herself so charming whenever we met, that I fairly gave in at last, and something like the old relations were restored between us.

I was a bit of a politician, and had worked like a beaver at the last election to secure a seat in Parliament for my friend Smith, and had succeeded.

Now was the time for him to requite my services, and he did it.

He got a bill through, changing my name to Percy Randall.

The cost in champagne and oysters was immense, but that was nothing to the jokes I was made the butt of.

One old ministerial reprobate, for instance, moved that a committee be appointed to report whether my rechristening should be by sprinkling or immersion.

I was overjoyed when the thing was over, and I had the right to present myself to Lucy as Mr. Percy Randall.

"What a real nice name!" she said.

"I'm glad you think so," I answered. "Permit me to make you the offer of it."

And I caught her hand in mine.

She drew it back gently.

"I—I'm sure I feel very—very much flattered, Mr. Hogg—Randall, I mean," she stammered; "but—but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"It can never be."

"Never!"

After all the champagne, jokes and oysters I had stood, that was the answer I got.

"Traitor!" I exclaimed, "you love another."

There was a confession in her blush as plain as any words could have spoken.

In a paroxysm of rage and jealousy I tore myself from her presence.

In a month's time Lucy Bacon had become Mrs. Salathiel Shoate; and it gave me a malicious pleasure to think that her new name

after all, was little less swinish than the one I had first offered her.

I plucked up spirit at last, and removed to a remote part, resolved, under my new name, to commence my career anew.

None of my old friends were informed of my intended place of abode.

It was my purpose, for the present, to obliterate all traces of myself.

If mayhap, those who had once known me one day found me out, it should be when I had made the name of Percy Randall famous.

I went into politics, cultivated oratory, and was finally nominated.

It was on the eve of the election, and my chances of success were excellent.

I had gone to the railway station to meet a friend who had been canvassing part of the district, and who was to meet me and report progress.

"Hallo! Hogg!" exclaimed a voice as the train stopped, and the passenger swarmed out to make the best of the fifteen minutes allowed them for refreshments.

"Hogg, I say!" repeated the voice, as I turned my back to avoid recognition by anyone who knew me by that odious name.

A heavy slap on the shoulder left me no alternative but to confront the voice's owner, who proved to be an old college chum whom I had not seen since the day on which our venerable Alma Mater had turned us out, with her blessing, a couple of jolly Bachelors of Art.

"Hogg, I say!"

What an embarrassing position.

I could not return the salutation without admitting either that I was now passing under an assumed name, or that I was, for some reason, the possessor of an alias.

Most of those present knew me, and a circumstance so suspicious would be sure, at the present juncture, to be used to my disadvantage.

I had to decide quickly.

The best course I could think of was to give my old friend the cut direct and walk off as though I did not know him.

Next morning a handbill came out, addressed to "the independent voters of S—"

"Men of S—," it began, "do you wish to be represented in the House of Commons by a coward?"

Then followed a statement, backed by numerous affidavits, to the effect that I had suffered myself to be publicly insulted—in short, to be called a "hog" three several times without resenting it.

It was a regular fire-eating community.

The faintest suspicion that a man wasn't ready to fight to the death on the least provocation, at once lost him caste, character, and influence.

I had no plausible explanation to offer, and no time to offer it had I had one.

I was overwhelmingly defeated, and went to hide my disgrace where I had trusted none would ever invade my obscurity.

Not long after, an advertisement in a newspaper attracted my notice.

It requested the surviving relatives of Ezekiel Hogg to report themselves to a certain legal gentlemen, from whom they might learn something to their advantage.

I had a paternal uncle named Ezekiel, who had gone abroad many years ago, and of whom the family had never heard since.

I might be that he had died leaving a handsome fortune, and that I was the nearest heir.

At all events the thing was worth looking after.

The failure of my recent plans had placed me in such circumstances that a lucky windfall would prove most acceptable.

I took the journey necessary to reach the lawyer's place of residence.

I presented myself before him.

It was as I had conjectured.

Ezekiel Hogg was my uncle.

He was dead, and had left an enormous fortune.

I don't want to remember how much.

I explained my relationship to the deceased.

"If you establish what you say," replied the lawyer, "you are his nearest heir."

"And, of course, entitled to his fortune," I remarked.

"May I ask a question?" inquired the lawyer.

"Certainly," I answered.

"What is your name?"

"Percy Randall, I said. "It was Hiram Hogg, but I had it changed by an Act of the Legislature."

The old lawyer shook his head.

"Most unfortunate," he added.

"How so?" I asked. "Surely the name can make no difference?"

"It makes a vast difference in this case," he returned.

"Your uncle had some peculiar notions, it seems. He not only wished his fortune to remain in his family, but in his name."

"His will provides that it shall go to his nearest surviving relative bearing the name of Hogg."

It needed no elaborate opinion to enable me to see the point.

The fortune that would have been mine went to some trumphy third or fourth cousin, and all through my stupid folly in changing my name to gratify a whim of faithless Lucy Bacon, whom I lost to boot.

AROUND THE WINTER FIRE.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

We gather round the winter fire,
Without the fierce winds blow,
And through the shutters most coldly mutters
A song of the falling snow.

We read the books we loved to read
When we were girls and boys,
And young eyes glisten while young hearts listen
To tales that are bright with joys.

We sing the songs we used to sing
In the days of auld lang syne,
And the swelling chorus a spell throws o'er us
That seems almost divine.

We look upon the pictures old
That hang against the wall,
And many a pleasure with perfect measure
Their faces do recall.

My hair is growing white with age,
But my heart is warm with mirth,
While we fondly gather in this wintry weather
Round our own domestic hearth.

To sing the same old songs again,
The same old books to read,
And show that duty and moral beauty
Make home a joy indeed.

The books, the songs, the pictures bright
Were precious things to me
In seasons olden when life was golden
And precious e'er shall be.

THE LOST NOTE.

The Rev. Mr. Holbrook put the note there, exactly in the middle of the table.

He remembered it distinctly and he never was mistaken.

But the note was there no longer.

What did it mean?

There stood the little vase of flowers, the shadow of the rose-bud falling upon the cloth as he had seen it when he laid the note down.

There were the books and the little card basket.

There, perched up in the great Turkish chair, sat his little daughter making a bed and pillows for her new wax doll.

He had only gone to the front door with the parishioner who had brought her contribution for the approaching fancy fair, in the shape of this very note, and now it was gone.

There was no breeze to stir it, for the windows were shut.

It was certain that Lilly sat where she had been seated when he left the room.

Perplexed and angry, the father questioned her.

"Lilly, where is the money that I laid here?" Lilly shook her head, and her father inquired—

"Has Lilly got any money?"

Lilly nodded.

"Show it to papa."

Lilly laid down her work—oh, such a crooked little bag, with stitches an inch long on the edges; and letting herself down from the chair, came slowly across the room, and stood solemnly before her father.

"It's in my pocket," she said; and put a tiny hand into each and drew out two-pence.

"Is that all?" asked the clergyman.

"Eth," said Lilly.

"You did not see any on the table?"

"No," said Lilly, and went back to her work again.

The clergyman paced the room, looked into the corners, and surveyed the length of the carpet.

Then he spoke again.

"Lilly, who has been into the room since I left it?"

Lilly pondered.

After a while she said—

"Ned did."

"What did he do?"

"He took a flower out of the vase, and put it in his coat," she said, without any hesitation.

"The vase on the table?" asked the clergyman.

"Eth," said Lilly. "Then he went wight away to kool."

This was added, because the little creature saw anger in her father's eye, and knew that a great dislike for school, on her brother's part, was a frequent cause of displeasure and reprimand.

"I know," added the little girl, solemnly, "that he runned all the way."

"Aha!" said the clergyman—and then he walked to the window, and hid his face in his hands.

He had a cold heart, but it was aching pitifully just then.

He was tender to no one, but he longed to be proud of his son, and a suspicion that was terrible to harbour, possessed him.

Ned was a wild boy, an idler.

He hated study.

His mother idolised him and spoiled him; so his father thought he was going straight down to perdition, perhaps.

Who knew?—for now it seemed very likely to the father Ned had stolen that five-pound note. For the present, however, he kept his thoughts to himself, merely commanding his wife, who came into the room in a few moments to search it thoroughly, and to make sure the money could not be found.

"Then he locked himself in his study, and suffered horribly in silence for four long hours when an interruption came in the shape of an old man, one of the poor of the congregation, who had a dolorous tale to tell of hard times at home.

Relieved with some small change and a large bundle of tracts, this good man was about to depart, when a thought seemed to strike him, and he turned towards the pastor, opened his mouth, shut it again, and was about to pass through the door, when the clergyman said—

"Well, Watkins?"

And he came to a halt again.

"I suppose it ain't none o' my business," he said. "But I felt I'd orter tell."

"Do as your conscience prompts you, Watkins," said the clergyman.

"Yes, sir," said Watkins. "But, you see, may be you won't thank me. Other folks' affairs, you see. Yourn, you know, sir. So, there, it's out."

"Mine?" cried Mr. Holbrook.

"Yes," said Watkins, "yourn, sir. 'Tain't so very bad, only I don't think you'd like your young gentleman for to go careering about with the Gregg boys, and then to see him arm in arm with 'm, buying gunpowder at old Dike Decker's and playing bagatelle for ginger beer. Why, I didn't think you'd like it, sir."

"Like it?" cried Mr. Holbrook. "Watkins, come back into the study. There, wait a minute; let me collect myself. When did you see my son at that—that horrible place? The man who keeps it is the worst man in the town. There with the Gregg boys? When?"

"Only this morning," said Watkins. "There the boys was, sir. Yourn, sir, had his books in a strap, and it was long after school opened. They hired old Decker's boat, and went out in it, and broke an oar, and then they had to pay for it."

"Thank you, Watkins," said the clergyman, sadly. "It is better news; but you have done your duty."

And Watkins departed.

Five minutes after he had gone the clergyman's son, flushed with exertion and excitement, opened the front door and ran upstairs to his own room.

Ere he reached it, his father's voice sounded through the house.

"Edward. Come here."

Edward obeyed.

He came into the study slowly, and behind him followed his mother, with a face that denoted her premonition of a coming scene.

"Hester," said Mr. Holbrook, "since you are here, you may stay, but you must not interfere. It is my duty to be firm. Sit down, Hester. Edward, come here."

The boy advanced and stood before his father, swinging his strap of books to and fro uneasily.

He was a handsome fellow, with gipsy eyes and curly black hair.

"You have been playing truant to-day, Edward," said the father.

"Oh, no!" cried the mother.

"Yes," said the boy; "I won't lie about it, sir; I have."

"With those Gregg boys," said the clergyman. "You were at the shop of Decker. You spent a great deal of money there."

"Yes," said the boy, "we did."

"And you stole that money from me before you went, as you pretended, to school," said the clergyman. "It was given to me for the church by one who could ill afford it, and you stole it."

"Sir!" cried the boy; "stole it! I—I steal money from you, or anyone? Oh, father, how can you say such things?"

"I have given you no money, nor has your mother, I know," said the clergyman. "I missed the money after you left home. You have spent a large sum."

"I will not tempt you to falsehood by asking you to explain. I only tell you this; confess and prove yourself penitent, and I will kneel down and pray with you for forgiveness."

"Refuse to admit your guilt, and I will flog you as long as I have strength to lift the whip. I will not spare the rod and spoil the child. God would not hold me guiltless if I did."

The mother, who was weeping bitterly, hid her face in the sofa cushions.

The boy, flushing scarlet, drew closer to his father.

"Father," he said, humbly, "I know it seems as if I took it, but I did not. I would not do so vile a thing."

"Let me tell you the truth. I saw the note on the table, and I left it there, of course. I went to school as usual."

"I meant to go, and on the way I met Tom Gregg; and as we passed the confectioner's we saw a chaise, with a very pretty little girl—a mere baby—sitting alone in it; and just then the horse started, and—and—it wasn't anything to do, but I stopped it."

"And the gentleman—the child's father—thanked me so much, and said I'd saved her life, and he wanted to give me the money, and I wouldn't take it, and he gave it to Gregg."

"Gregg took it. It was a five-pound note. And after that I did wrong, for we went off

together on a jollification, sir, and that's the truth, I assure you."

"You believe me, mamma? You do, too, father? Oh, say you do! Let me bring Gregg. He'll tell you it is so."

"No doubt," said the clergyman; "nevertheless, I do not believe you. I will have you here until this evening. When I return, you must confess, or suffer punishment. Hester, come with me."

"Oh, Alfred!" sobbed the mother, "don't be so unjust—don't doubt our poor boy. Can't you see it's true? Ned, darling, I know it is."

But the strong hand of the clergyman drew his wife from the room, and turned the key upon the boy, who stood staring after them with despair in his great black eyes.

In his heart Mr. Holbrook felt assured that his boy was both a thief and a liar.

But the mother knew better.

The poor, loving, broken-hearted mother, who wept and prayed together, and felt that at last indeed God had deserted her.

The day passed on.

The untasted dinner was served and sent away again.

The evening lamps were lighted.

The clergyman arose from his chair and went towards an old-fashioned chimney closet, and took from thence a riding-whip.

The mother gave a scream, and flew towards him, and clung to his arm. He put her aside and passed out of the room, and stood in a few moments alone with his son in the study. The boy had been weeping.

He lifted his swollen eyes to his father's face, and spoke—

"Father, I don't mind a flogging. That's not it. I deserve one for playing truant, perhaps; but tell me you know I am not a thief, and then I won't care how hard the blows are. Tell me that father."

"You will not confess, then?" said the clergyman.

"I did not steal the money," said the boy.

"God hears you," said Mr. Holbrook.

"I know it," said Edward.

"Edward," said Mr. Holbrook, "I am a strong man. You are not able to bear the whipping I will give you. It will come to confession at last. Spare us both."

For answer the boy cast off his jacket.

"Go on," he said. "I'm ready. You may whip me to death, if you like. I'll never call myself a thief."

It sounded like defiance, and the first blow fell.

With the first blow all the evil passions that lay dormant in either breast awoke.

The violent obstinacy of the boy, his unflinching reception of the blows, made the father furious.

Every stroke drove the good angels farther from the boy.

Suddenly a flood of rage, that passes all description, filled his young heart, and an oath burst from his lips.

Following that oath came such a blow as no Christian ever gave an unmanageable horse, a blow with the clubbed handle of the whip, and he fell to the ground like one dead.

The father bent over him for a moment, and then opened the door.

The mother, trembling and sobbing, rushed in.

The old servant woman followed.

The clergyman, sick at heart, staggered into the parlor; he sat down in the great Turkish chair, and looked vacantly at the figure of his little girl busy at the table.

She had brought into the parlor a little box which she dubbed her baby-house; and unconscious of what had been taking place in the study, was furnishing it to her heart's content.

Now it was ready for the reception of the doll, and she put out her little hand and plucked her father's sleeve.

"Papa," she said, "see my hounthe?"

The father absently nodded, but the child was not satisfied.

"Look," she said—"it's got a bed and pillows, and a table and a thove, and a pickshure. Look at my pickshure, papa?"

Absently still, the clergyman gazed into the baby-house.

In a moment more an awful look swept over his face.

"Your picture!" he cried. "Is that what you call your picture? Where did you get it?"

"Off the table," said the child. "My pretty pickshure. I hung it up with a pin."

It was a five-pound note that was pinned against the wall of the doll's parlor.

It was the note that had been lost that morning.

She had never had anything else given to her for money, but a few copper coins, and the idea of the note being money never struck the child, when her father asked her if she had seen or taken any that morning.

Her passion for pictures was great.

Innocently she had taken this note to decorate the walls of her doll's house.

People sometimes ask why the Rev. Mr. Holbrook, who was so useful in his congregation, preaches no longer, and lives in a lonely little country place, apart from all who ever knew and admired him.

One woman knew—his sad, yet forgiving wife.

As for the poor idiot who crawls about the house, a pitiful object to look upon, a more pitiful one to listen to, he knows nothing.

He has never known anything since that last fatal blow, of which the father dreams perpetually, ended all for him.

THE SWEET DREAM IS GONE.

Yes, the intense, sweet dream is gone, is over; I've burst away from passion's maddening thrill;

Once more I stand a pure and perfect woman, Tried, proven; tempted, yet all stainless still.

'Twas hard to bid his fierce, unyielding nature Drink passioned love in chary, tiny sips;

'Twas harder still, the one he madly worshipped, Should dash the chalice brimming from his lips.

'Tis easy, too, in life's eventful battle, Untried, to act the blameless, sinless part;

But, oh, so hard, to coldly chide the erring, When error comes not from a wicked heart.

'Tis sad to note the keen, brief joy pulsations, When passion, wave-like, laves the being o'er,

So sad to witness the remorse-filled hours That blast the tried soul to its tenderest core.

'Tis true, we talk of insult, deeply stinging; Assume high tragic; scorn the tempter's plea;

Oh, man, is that our life's ennobling mission, Or, Christ-like, help the shackled, tempted free?

I know, in years to come, the sweet soul vision Will come to him, when I, a firm friend stood,

While baffling yearning's dangerous syren pleading, Restored his faith in perfect womanhood.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

It was a curious place for a tall, bearded man, to stand gazing into a shop-window, full of embroidered sacques, socks and bib-aprons; but then it looked so neat and bright, and everything was arranged so enticingly—and the pretty girl who sat sewing behind the counter, seemed so thriftily intent on her work—that Carl Auchester, after a minute or two's further survey of the tucked cambric robe that occupied the central place of honor, pushed open the door and entered valiantly.

Lucy Dallas dropped her work, and rose hurriedly from her seat, as the little shrill-tongued bell behind the door tinkled a warning. She looked even prettier, on a closer view, than she had done behind the delusive sheet of glass. A rosy, fresh-faced girl, with brown hair banded across her brow; large hazel-brown eyes, and one of those well-rounded chins, just dotted by a dimple, which betokened firmness and decision of character; and there was something about the black dress, snugly-fitting, and relieved only by simple ruffles at the throat and wrists, that gave her a trim housewifely look, entirely different from the be-ribboned, be-flounced and be-pannered damsels, who fluttered butterfly-like past the great shop-window.

"What shall I show you, sir?" asked Lucy simply, as the great, clumsy six-footer stood staring helplessly across the counter, as if he didn't exactly know himself what he wanted.

"Have you babies' frocks?" he asked, a little awkwardly.

"Yes, sir, all kinds."

And down came an avalanche of paper boxes all over the counter, while the thrifty little shop woman expatiated on the relative merits of ruffles, tucks, insertion and real valenciennes trimming.

"For every day, you see," she said, "there's nothing so pretty as simple clusters of tucks, and an edge of Edinburgh embroidery, and they do up exquisitely."

"Do up, eh?" repeated Mr. Auchester vaguely, as he saw that she expected him to say something just here—"do up what?"

"Wash, you know—wash and iron," she explained.

"Oh!" said Mr. Auchester.

"And for dress occasions," added Lucy, giving a long robe a whisk over her arm, to make its folds hang more naturally, "puffings and insertion, and a finish of real valenciennes lace, is the thing."

"Is it?" said Carl helplessly. "Well, you ought to understand these things, I suppose; I don't. I'll take one for every day, with the clusters of—what do you call 'em?—and the border of flowers and stitching, and one for Sunday with t'other sort of thing."

"Oh, but, sir," cried Lucy, lifting up her soft brown eyes with pleading earnestness, "that won't do at all!"

"Why not?"

"You require at least half-a-dozen for ordinary use."

"Put up half-a-dozen, then, and half-a-dozen for Sundays."

"No, sir," corrected Lucy; "there will be enough. Will you have French yokes or gabrielles?"

"What's that?" demanded our hero.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Lucy, hesitatingly, "but—but wouldn't it be a great deal better if your wife were to come and look at these things?"

"That's just it," said he. "I have no wife—I am a widower."

"Oh, sir!" said she; "and who takes care of the dear little baby?"

"I have a nurse," he answered; "but I can't trust her to buy anything—she cheats me so abominably."

Lucy Dallas appeared to meditate as she folded a little pearly-stitched robe into his box.

"But how can I tell what size to put up for you, sir?" said she doubtfully.

"My little girl is three months old," suggested Carl. "The three-months-old size, I suppose, would be about the correct thing."

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Lucy decidedly. "There's as much difference in the size of three-months-old babies as there is in thirty-years-old men."

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Auchester dolefully. "She's fat and plump."

"Yes; but how fat and plump?"

Carl Auchester was puzzled. He tugged at his moustache and shifted his weight from one foot to the other. How was he to solve this riddle?

All of a sudden Miss Dallas' bright eyes sparkled out a signal of reinforcement.

"If you please, sir," said she, "could you just step into the back parlor? My babies are there, and perhaps your little one might be about the same size, and—"

"Your babies!" echoed Carl. "Why, you look like a girl of eighteen!"

"I am nineteen and a half," said Miss Dallas with dignity. "They're not exactly mine, but the children of my only sister. Their parents were both lost on the wreck of the 'Silviance' only six weeks ago, and I am all they have left in the world, poor little lambs! Pray excuse me for inflicting my family history on you, but—"

Carl Auchester held out his hand.

"It isn't necessary to apologise," said he. "You and I have a common ground of interest on which to meet. Thank God, my little one has at least a father left!"

So Miss Dallas opened the door into a sunny little back room, where plants filled the casements, a canary poured its rivulet of song on the air, and two rosy babies rolled and floundered hither and thither on a rug—two babies bearing an impress of the serenest animal enjoyment, like two young kittens.

Carl stood and looked down on them, through an unwonted mist.

"There, sir," said Lucy, relapsing once more into the intent and business-like little shop-keeper, "perhaps your baby may be about the size of one of these."

"I think it is," said Carl hoarsely. "The smaller, perhaps."

"That's little Amy," said Lucy briskly; "the other is Charlie. Twins, you see, sir; bless their dear little hearts!"

And she knelt down to let the little ones clasp her around the neck, and draw their tiny fingers caressingly over her face.

"Now, sir," said she, "we will go back and pick out the robes."

"Do you leave 'em all alone?" said Carl wonderingly.

"I can watch them through the glass door," said she; "and they are so good!"

"You are fond of children?" said Auchester.

"Who could help it, sir? Such little helpless, innocent things, and all alone in the world, too!" and Lucy brushed away a tear as she piled the dainty little dresses one on another. "It is such a lucky thing," she added, "that I had made enough by teaching school to open this little shop. Now I have some prospect of providing for them comfortably in the future. Thank you, sir!" as he laid down the cash. "Where shall I send these things? And if they shouldn't suit, of course I will exchange them for anything else you wish."

When Miss Dallas went back to the twins, she cried a little over the creases of Charlie's fat neck.

"To think of that poor little motherless babe left in the clutches of a heartless nurse!" said she, half aloud. "Oh, Amy! you're pulling all auntie's hair down!"

The next day, Carl Auchester made his appearance again in the little shop. Lucy hurried in from the back room with a perturbed countenance.

"Didn't they suit, sir?"

"Oh, yes, they suited," said Carl; "but the nurse didn't suit. I've discharged her. The baby's outside in a cab. I thought, maybe, as you had two already, you wouldn't mind a third. I will pay you whatever you choose to ask."

Lucy stared, as well she might.

"But—" she began.

"Now please, don't!" said Mr. Auchester, imploringly elevating his hands. "I must find a home for the poor little thing somewhere! I have no relatives and its mother's friends are in the country. I can't drown it, can I? or choke it?"

"No, of course not!" cried Lucy, flushing up. "I'll take it, sir, if you are willing to trust it to me. Poor little lamb!" as Carl Auchester laid it in her arms; "I dare say you think me very silly, sir; but I can't help crying when I look into its sweet, motherless face!"

"You'll be good to it, I'm sure," faltered Carl.

And she answered:

"As I hope Heaven will one day be good to me, in my sorest need!"

"We shall find a very good article of hand-sewed clothing here," said old Mrs. Battersby. "I always buy of Lucy Dallas when I can, because she's a lady born, and only keeps shop to support her sister's orphan children. Come in, Mrs. Tyler—come in? Where's Miss Dallas?"

to the young woman behind the counter.

"Oh, don't you know, ma'am?" said Miss Rebecca Wiley, all smiles. "She was married this morning to Mr. Auchester."

"Married?"

"Yes, please, ma'am; and she, and her husband, and the three children—"

"Three children!" cried Mrs. Battersby.

"Yes, ma'am—one of his'n, ma'am, and two of her'n. They've all gone on a tour somewheres,

and they ain't going to keep shop no more, and I'm succeeded to the stock and good-will, ma'am. And what can I please to show you, ma'am?"

"Well, I declare!" said old Mrs. Battersby; "wonders will never cease!"

And we agree with the old lady.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

MEFFIN RECIPE.—Two eggs, one quart of flour, a pint of sweet milk, two ounces of butter, a gill of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt.

MINT CHOW-CHOW FOR ROAST LAMB.—Take one third onions, two thirds cucumbers, add spearmint, green peppers and mustard; chop altogether, finely; put in a jar and add strong vinegar and salt; work it up, and in a few days it will be fit for use.

WARMING COLD BOILED POTATOES.—Slice and put them in a basin with a little milk or water, some cream if you have it, and a little salt. Let it remain on the stove until it is thoroughly heated through, stirring often to prevent its sticking; a bit of fish left from a former meal or some beaten egg is a nice addition to it.

CREME A CHOUX.—Take a pint of milk, mix smoothly with a little of it one tablespoonful of potato flour or of maizena, the yolks of six eggs, and pounded loaf sugar to taste; then add the rest of the milk and any flavoring you may fancy. Cook it *au bain marie*, and never cease stirring till the cream is done and quite thick; when cold, it is ready for use.

TO BRANCH ALMONDS.—Almonds must not be soaked. They must be thrown into plenty of boiling water, stirred with a skimmer, and drained as soon as the skin loosens. Throw some cold water over them, drain, remove the skins, and throw the almonds into some fresh cold water. Dry them in a napkin, and do not attempt to use them for four hours.

BUTTERMILK YEAST POWDERS.—One quart of fresh buttermilk made up with corn meal to a stiff batter, with a tea-cupful of yeast. Let it rise; then add enough flour to make it a stiff dough. Let it rise a second time. Put it on dishes or boards to dry in the shade. Rub it up, and keep it in a bag. To one quart of flour put one tablespoonful of yeast powder.

ARTIFICIAL OYSTERS.—Take green corn, grate it in a dish; to one pint of this add one egg well beaten, a small tea-cup of flour, half a cup of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix them well together. A table spoonful of the batter will make the size of an oyster. Fry them a light brown, and when done, butter them. Cream, if it can be procured, is better than butter.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—To a cupful of cold boiled hominy (small grained) add a table-spoonful melted butter and stir hard, moistening, by degrees, with a cupful of milk, beating to a soft light paste. Put in a teaspoonful of white sugar, and lastly, a well-beaten egg. Roll into oval balls with floured hands, dip in beaten eggs, then cracker crumbs, and fry in hot lard.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One quart of boiling water, four large tablespoonfuls of white or brown sugar, two of flour, one of butter, one tea-spoonful of salt; nutmeg or cinnamon to taste. Two tablespoonfuls of currant or blackberry wine or elder are a great improvement. Let the whole be boiled together for about ten minutes. It is necessary to mix the flour with a portion of cold water before adding it to the boiling water.

FEDERAL LOAF.—One quart of flour, a gill of yeast, two eggs, one spoonful of butter creamed, making it softer than light bread dough. Lightened in the shape you bake it in. For company invited to tea it is very nice to cut this loaf in slices nearly an inch thick, buttering while hot. Replace the slices when buttered, until the loaf resumes its shape. At right angles cut through the whole, quartering it, and so send to the tea-table, or hand around, as you may desire.

MADISON CAKES.—To each quart of flour put half a pint of yeast, two eggs, a large roasted potato, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a little lard; beat the yeast, eggs, and sugar together; mash the potato and mix it in, and then make up the flour with it as for rolls. Roll out the dough when risen, and cut them out in biscuit shape, letting the cakes stand to take a second rise. Bake in a quick oven. They are prettier if you save the white of one egg and glaze the tops of the cakes over when baking.

PLUM PUDDING.—To 3oz. of flour and the same weight of fine lightly grated bread-crumbs add 6 of beef kidney suet, chopped small, 6 of raisins, weighed after they are stoned, 6 of well cleaned currants, 4oz. of mince apples, 5 of sugar, 2 of candied orange rind, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg mixed with pounded mace, a very little salt, a small glass of brandy, and 3 whole eggs. Mix and beat these ingredients well together, tie them tightly in a thickly floured cloth, and boil them for three hours and a half.

RED MULLET BAKED.—Cut a carrot and two onions into thin slices; add thyme, majoram, and parsley, finely chopped, with pepper and salt to taste, and three tablespoonfuls of salad oil; mix these well together, cover each mullet with the mixture, roll it up in a piece of white paper previously oiled, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven. Then carefully open the paper, place the fish neatly on a dish ready to be served, and keep it warm. Melt a piece of butter, add a large pinch of flour, half a tumbler of stock, and the vegetable, &c., the fish was cooked in. Let the sauce boil five minutes, add salt if wanted, strain, skim, pour over the fish, and serve.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

TREATMENT OF CALICOES.—Calicoes often fade simply because they are improperly washed. To insure their not fading, infuse three gills of salt into four quarts of water; put the calico in while it is hot, and let it remain there until cold. By this means the goods are made permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washings.

STRANGE.—It is said that the rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no songs; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; dandies, the shiniest of men, have no sense; and ball-room belles, the loveliest creatures in the world, are—well, never mind—the loveliest creatures in the world, and that's enough.

AN UNPROFITABLE SCARE.—Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office the other night and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a \$15 pair of pantaloons, a \$10 vest, a \$7 pair of boots, and an \$8 hat, while one of the student goes about without a vest, and another roams through the least frequented streets, wearing a very ancient pair of pantaloons.

WOMAN'S WILE.—A Brooklyn wife desirous to economize, begged her husband to discharge the man servant. Husband refused. The other day the husband was at the back window; presently the lady of the house issued from the house, talked with the man servant a few minutes, then threw her arms around his neck, and then kissed him heartily a half dozen times. Man servant got his discharge without difficulty. This new device of economy will doubtless work quite as well in effecting the dismissal of female servants.

AVERAGE TALK OF A WOMAN.—A man in average talkativeness speaks three hours a day, and at the rate of one hundred words a minute; that is to say, enough words to fill about twenty-nine octavo pages in moderate print every hour, six hundred pages in a week, and in one year fifty-two pretty large volumes. The American author who got up these statistics, says, that if you multiply these numbers by ten you arrive at about the average talk of a woman. Let us see, that is ten times three hours a day; they have, therefore, apparently thirty hours a day in America. Very go-a-head people, very.

AN IMPENITENT SINNER.—A good joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush, by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees, begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used, but, on rising up, he knocked the dust off his knees, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole House, "It's a dirty house after all!" Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories saw clearly enough that they had failed in the object which they had in view.

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—It is worth while to know how to stop the bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery that supplies the blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. The two small arteries branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it, and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessels in the nose have time to contract.

THE REASON WHY.—The following incident is reported by the *Detroit Free Press* as having occurred between a grocer and a customer:—"Thirty-two cents!" echoed a woman yesterday, when her grocer charged her that sum for a pound of butter. "Yes, 'um," he replied, with a bland smile. "You see the grocers can't carry much of a reserve, and we can't turn our collaterals at a sacrifice. If the Government calls in the bonds due in 1874, and the imports of bullion tend to ease the money market a little, butter must find its level with everything else. Butter is very panicky just now, but I think the worst is over." The explanation was too much for the customer, and she paid the money without further grumbling.

ON ONE WHEEL.—Paganini, one day at Florence, jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moise," on a single string. "How much do I owe you?" inquired he of the driver. "For you," said the man, who had recognised the great violinist, "the fare is ten francs." "What! ten francs? You are surely jesting." "I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a place at your concert," Paganini was silent for a minute, and then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty Automedon, he said, at the same time handing him a liberal fare, "I will pay you ten francs when you drive me upon one wheel!"

COUNTING A BILLION.—What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced. But no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute; but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour would produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year, or 365 days, 105,120,000. Let us suppose, now, that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so,

and was counting still, he would not even now, according to the usually supposed age of our globe, have counted near enough. For to count a billion he would require 9,512 years, 342 days, 6 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above rule. Supposing we were to allow the poor counter 12 hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours, and 45 minutes!

HASTENING THE RIPENING OF FRUIT.—Acting upon the principle that renewal of the earth immediately surrounding the roots increases their activity, and accelerates the maturing of all parts of the plant, including the fruit, a gentleman removed the earth about an early pear tree, eight weeks before the normal period of ripening, for a space of 13 to 15 feet in diameter, and to such an extent as to leave a depth of earth over the roots of only about 2-2-4 inches, which could be thoroughly warmed by the sun. He was surprised not only by the ripening of the fruit in the middle of July, but also by its superior juiciness and flavor. In another experiment the removal of the earth from the north side of a tree, alone, caused the fruit on that side to ripen several days earlier than that on the south side. Frequent watering was of course necessary in the above experiments.

HOW PIANOS ARE INJURED.—According to a prominent manufacturer, they are more pianos injured by improper tuning than by legitimate use and the consequent natural wear of the instruments. The frame of a good piano, fully strung and tuned, is made to resist a tension equal to about seven tons. This severe strain relaxes as the strings recede from the pitch, but is renewed when the piano is tuned; and it is frequently discovered, as a result of the repeated process, that the frame is bent or belled; and at the hands of an ignorant tuner, or one lacking good judgment, an instrument at this stage is soon injured beyond remedy. With reasonable use a piano is expected to remain in good condition for seven years; and the best makers will so guarantee their instruments, but the incompetence and malpractice of certain so-called tuners set the seal of destruction on thousands of instruments in from two to five years.

ONE FOR HIS GRACE.—An amusing story of an English nobleman, recently deceased, is told by the "Man About Town," in the *English Sporting Gazette*:—"The Duke," he says, "was once in church, no matter where, when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate or bag, or whatever it might be, began to go round, and the Duke carefully put his hand in his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him ready for transfer to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the dual florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he lay by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the Duke's donation; then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The Duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, then turned defiantly towards his rival, as who should say, 'I think that takes the shine out of you.' Fancy his chagrin when the Duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket. His grace used to chuckle when he told that story, and I think on the whole he had the best of it."

PLAYING THE PIANO.—Our neighbor Chubb (says Max Adeler) has not much of an ear for music, but he has spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day, when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano through the parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked, "D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music." Then there were a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more discordant thumping. "Splendid, isn't it?" said Chubb. "Mary Jane's bustin' the music right out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, she's rastlin' with now. Just listen." We remarked that from the energy displayed Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly right was an open question. "I don't know nothin' about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I kin sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the Maiden's Prayer until it makes me cry like a child." We asserted that, if she played those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute would shed tears. "Listen to that now, will you?" exclaimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. "Isn't that splendid? If I didn't know it was Mary Jane a-tearin' around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of them fellers who play at the concerts. Let's go over and hear her." We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb, there was a red-haired man, with a fist as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not to tell anybody, and we won't. It is related here in confidence, and must go no farther.

THE session of the Reichstag was opened on the 5th inst. with a speech from the Throne, delivered by imperial commission. The Emperor regretted that he couldn't attend the opening in person. He enumerated as among the principal measures to be submitted during the session, bills relating to the army, press, trades' unions and marine jurisdiction. The speech concluded with assurances that all the nations of Europe are resolved to preserve peace.

HOW JOHN BROUGHAM CRIED QUARTER.—A good story is told of John Brougham, who was once at the first rehearsal of a new piece, where the actors were reading their parts from a somewhat ill-written manuscript. John, when his part came round, somewhat surprised his brother actors by shouting at the "wrongful heir" in the piece. "And thou bad quarter!"

"What's that?" interrupted the stage manager.

"So set down in my part," replied the comedian, referring to his manuscript.

"No such thing—I never wrote that," said the irate author, who was present. "It makes arrant nonsense of the speech. Bad quarter, indeed."

"See for yourself," said the actor, handing the manuscript to the author.

"This, why," said the literary man, adjusting his eye-glasses, "this reads, 'thou base counterfeit!'"

"Ah! is that it?" said the comedian, with a sly twinkle of the eye. "Well, the terms are synonymous. A 'bad quarter' is a 'base counterfeit!'"

FRENCH PICKPOCKETS.—French pickpockets carry on their business with great system as well as great cunning. The following story is related in a French journal:

"A physician officially connected with the prison of La Force, and much beloved by his light-fingered patients, perceived on leaving the Variétés one evening that his pocket had been picked, and that his opera-glass was gone. Next day on meeting the denizens of La Force he expressed his displeasure at the occurrence. "It is all very well," said he, "for you to say I am popular among you, but I am treated just as others are. Some of your friends contrived to relieve me of my opera-glass last night at the Variétés." "That was only because they did not know you, doctor," replied a prisoner. "Who was on duty at the Variétés last night?" he inquired, turning to a comrade. The answer was given in a whisper. "You shall have your glass to-morrow," he added. Next day a person called on the physician's wife. "Here," said he, "are all the opera-glasses stolen two nights ago at the Variétés; please to point out the doctor's." The lady having done so, the obliging pickpocket handed it to her, restored the others to their cases, and disappeared."

SKATING COSTUMES IN DRESDEN.—The skating season in Dresden has just begun, and is participated in by Americans and English with enthusiasm. For costumes English velvet or velveteen is the material used, and gray the favorite color. Ribbed velvet for the tunic and jacket, and plain velvet for the skirt, which is trimmed with narrow flounces. The long tunic is bordered with a wadded ball fringe, and likewise the casaque, which is double-breasted and has wide plaits at the back, with a small pocket at the left side for the bouquet. A bow of light gray watered ribbon fastens the casaque at the throat, and there is a similar bow with ends at the back. These are the useful skating costumes, but more elegant ones are made of dark blue and myrtle green velvet, both skirt and tunic trimmed with either feathers or fur. Violet velvet costumes are trimmed with feathers of the natural color; the tunic is tied at the back with wide ends, and the casaque is bordered to correspond with the tunic. The hat worn with this costume is called the "page toque." This is made of velvet, which is not stretched tightly over the stiff net form, but *chiffonné* with much grace; a bow is placed in front, and from it a long natural feather escapes. The toque is surrounded with gathered velvet and a band of natural feathers. It is very becoming, but can only be worn on youthful heads.

A PARISIAN "DAY OF REST."—In an open space of the Menilmontant quarter, Paris, an animated scene presents itself every Sunday, which would make the hair of many of our sombre Puritans curl were they to see it. Revolving swings carry men and their sweethearts briskly up and down. Wooden horses on great wheels bear women and children, whose faces gleam with pleasure. On platforms in front of rude little theatres whole company of each disports itself to attract visitors; the woman in short skirts of faded silk, with nude shoulders, at intervals beats the bass drum; the heavy man or *matamore* shows his brawny limbs in his most attractive pose; the Turlupin of the hour—the buffoon in old finery and rusty spangles—struts, twists, and turns to the d-light of the blouse-folk, as he cries out, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; there was never anything like it for the money—the drama of 'The Bloody Fiend'—real sword-fighting and killing on the stage—the fine woman, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds—a mountain of flesh, *quoi!*—in extraordinary contrast with the living skeleton, who will stand alongside of her—the dancing dog, who has danced before all the crowned heads of Europe, to say nothing of the President de la libre Amérique—walk in," &c., each harangue being followed by a few notes from a wheezy clarinet and the boom boom of the bass drum.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CEMENT FOR MEERSCHAUM.—Make fine freshly calcined plaster of Paris into a cream with water, by sifting or dusting the plaster into the water, and apply as a cement to the broken parts. It sets in a few minutes, but takes a few days to become dry. It is fire-proof.

TO REMOVE IRON-RUST OR TOMATO STAINS FROM LINEN OR COTTON CLOTH.—Wet the spot with cold water and place the cloth in the sunshine. Then mix equal quantities of cream-tartar and table salt, and sprinkle the mixture upon until the dampness has absorbed a great deal, then lay on enough to hide the spot. Wet the spot with cold water every half hour, and if the stain is then seen, cover it again with the cream-tartar and salt. Keep it in the sunshine, and continue these applications till the stain is gone. If recently contracted, two or three applications will remove it.

LEATHER BOARD.—Fish glues, or gelatines, are used to a very limited extent in the manufacture of those universally-used accessories to the production of cheap boots and shoes, commonly known as paste soles and heels. Of course in this, as in the boot and shoe business, the busiest season has gone by, but many hands are still employed in the conversion of the various refuse discarded by the tanners and curriers, and known as "paste roundings, shoulder splits, and skiving," into heels and soles of all kinds of boots and shoes. These materials are cleaned, damped, cut by dies, pasted into moulds, compressed in a powerful press, and dried, and the refuse of this business in its turn is turned over to the manufacturer of what is known as "leather board." This smooth, hard, leather-hued material is largely used in the heels, inner soles, and for the inner stiffening of heels and box toes, and some twenty mills are engaged in its manufacture, turning out from one to five tons daily. About one-third of leather, with varying proportions of canvas, old rope, straw and other "hard stock," is used in its composition. It is manufactured like straw board, which is itself extensively used, especially in cheap slippers and children's shoes, offered in any quantity to a discriminating public at ruinous prices. As many as eighty hands are kept busy in a single establishment in the manufacture of "paste heels," and the stamping of heels and soles from leather and straw board.

TESTS FOR DRINKING WATER.—In Breslau, the Government have taken some wise precautions to prevent the introduction and spread of cholera, and among these they strongly urge the chemical analysis of drinking water. The following tests are the most important, and quite easily applied: 1. Testing for ammonia with Nessler's solution. Fresenius prepares this reagent by dissolving 3.5 grams potassic iodide in 10 c. c. water, and afterwards dissolving 1.6 grams mercuric chloride (corrosive sublimate) in 30 c. c. water, then adding the latter solution to the former gradually, till a permanent precipitate is produced. Then add a solution of potash until the fluid measures 100 c. c., and filter. A few drops of this solution added to water containing ammonia gives a yellow or brown color. If only a slight turbidity is produced, or a white precipitate, it indicates a hard water, and is caused by carbonate of lime present. 2. Testing for nitrous acid. To 100 or 200 c. c. water are added 2 c. c. dilute sulphuric acid and freshly prepared starch paste, containing potassic iodide. If a blue color is produced at once, it is due to incomplete putrefaction. 3. Testing for nitric acid. To 25 c. c. of the water is added 50 c. c. pure concentrated sulphuric acid (60° B.), and, while still very warm, an extremely dilute indigo solution is allowed to drop into it. If the color of the indigo disappears immediately, even when repeatedly added, the water may be considered as suspicious, if not dangerous.

"WET THE ROPES."—That some things shrink after they have been washed, and that others expand is well known, but the cause of this requires explanation. If we take a new rope, ten feet or more long, and fix one end of it across a beam, and to the other end attach a heavy weight, and so stretch the rope till the weight just rests upon the ground, the weight, if the rope be well saturated with water, will be raised from the ground simply by the shrinking of the rope. The following statement is an illustration of the fact: The Chevalier Fontana undertook to raise an obelisk at Rome. While the stone was suspended in the air, just over the pedestal, the ropes stretched so much by its weight that the base of the obelisk could not reach the pedestal, and the work was about to be given over, when a man among the crowd called out "Wet the ropes!" This advice was followed, and the column was seen gradually to rise to the required height, and was then placed upon the pedestal, where it now stands in front of St. Peter's. The obelisk is now known as erected by Pope Sextus. In the shrinking of various cloths it should be remembered that they are made up of small cords which contract by moisture, more particularly, when wetted for the first time, both in warp and weft, that is, in length and breadth. Paper, with filaments in all directions is forced asunder by the introduction of water among its pores. On this account the wet side will always be the outside of its curl. Wedges of dry wood, driven into clefts of stone, and then well wetted, will rend rocks asunder.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 23th, 1871.

* * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. K. HANSHEW.—Your excellent Magazine is to hand.

J. H. GRAHAM.—Solutions and a few problems from you would be exceedingly welcome.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 41.

By JAS. PIERCE, M. A.

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Kt to Q 5th | 1. Any move |
| 2. Mates acc. | |

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 42.

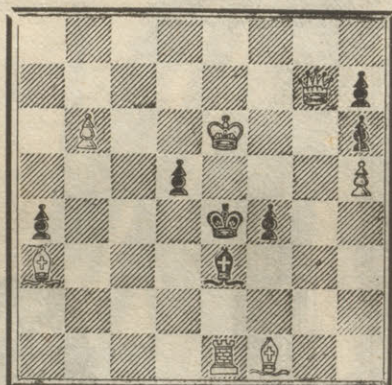
By W. T. PIERCE.

- | | |
|-----------------|----------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q to Q R 4th | 1. K to Q 3rd. |
| 2. Q to R 8th | 2. Any |
| 3. Mates acc. | |

PROBLEM No. 49.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



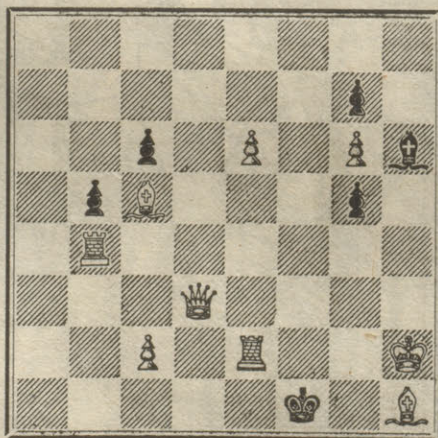
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 50.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and self-mate in three moves.

OUR PROBLEMS.

Old problematists will unravel the intricacies of the pair of problems given above with unfeigned pleasure, for the structure of each shows the workmanship of a master-hand—the work of a hand whose influence for good over the chessmen seems almost magical. True, the author has not in either wrought a series of misty, complicated puzzles, whose labyrinthian difficulties tax and weary the mind, and fail to give a sweet return for the loss of time and perhaps patience expended upon them, but he has given us sweet chess-nuts, with rich kernels, with an outer covering of no great thickness yet of no mean texture. We take them from the "Maryland Chess Review," a new aspirant to chess fame published monthly under the management of Mr. J. K. Hanshaw, of Frederick, Md. The Review contains about forty pages of first-class chess, and also a few pages devoted to the game of draughts. Send 30 cents to J. K. Hanshaw, box 366, Frederick, Md., for a sample copy.

FARMER SPEEDWELL'S PUDDING.

Old John Speedwell was a well-to-do farmer, living in the western part of Vermont.

His family consisted of his wife Phoebe, two sons, Amos and Jim, and two daughters, Reliance and Prudence, (which names were very appropriate, as the elder daughter was a model of reliance, and the other was prudence personified).

The elder daughter, Reliance, was engaged to be married to a neighboring farmer, a young man whose mother had just died.

In those days there was no butcher to bring fresh meat every day, as at the present time; but people had to rely on their own resources for dinner; and, on the morning which opens our story, old farmer Speedwell had proposed to have some hasty pudding and milk for dinner; and as his word was law, it was agreed upon.

After breakfast, Farmer Speedwell and his sons went to their haying, Dame Speedwell to her work, and the girls busied themselves about their domestic duties.

At the proper time Dame Speedwell made the pudding, taking care to salt it well, as she knew her husband liked a good deal of salt, hung it over a slow fire, and went up stairs to put the winter clothing in camphor.

It was only a few moments before Reliance came into the kitchen, when, seeing the pudding cooking, and knowing that her mother was apt to forget to salt it, she put in a handful of salt and stirred it well, so that her father would not have occasion to find fault.

Soon after, Prudence passed through the kitchen, and, reasoning the same as Reliance had, she also added a handful of salt, and went about her work again.

Before long, Amos entered to get a jug of molasses and water, and soon after Jim, each of whom put in a handful more of salt, as they had no more faith in their mother's remembering it than Reliance or Prudence had.

Just before dinner, Farmer Speedwell returned from work, and when he saw the pudding cooking said: "That pudding smells all-fired good, but I'll bet a six-pence wife's forgot to salt it, as she always does; I used to depend on Reliance, till she got her head clobbered full of that young man o' hers. But I can't reckon on her thinkin' on't now; and, as to Prudence, she is so cautious she would not dare to salt it anyhow; so I guess I'll salt it myself," and suiting the action to the word, he put in a handful and a half of salt, stirring it well in.

Twelve o'clock came, and they were all seated at the table, when Farmer Speedwell helped himself to a good share of the pudding, and took a mouthful; but no sooner had he tasted it than he leaped up, exclaiming: "Who salted this ere puddin'?" then recollecting that he had salted it himself, he left the room saying: "I should think that thundering colt was trying to kick through the barn floor!"

The next who tried it was Amos, who leaped up, also, and left "to see what that colt was doing!"

Then followed Reliance and Prudence and Jim, who, each and all, escaped on some pretence, leaving Dame Speedwell in amazement to realize the truth of the old adage: "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

FALSE ECONOMY.

Everybody should be economical and prudent in these days.

It is highly necessary, yet there is such a thing as false economy.

A lady had a dress to make, and thinking to save a little money, undertook to do the work herself.

Being quite a tyro at the art, she occupied much longer time than a dressmaker would take, and found, to her intense disgust, that she had done her work entirely wrong.

Had she employed a work woman to do the garment, she would have had the time to follow her own profession, make enough to pay her dressmaker, and leave a little balance on hand.

It was a false economy of hers, and she acknowledges that it was.

It is false economy of the proprietor of a firm to work his clerks so hard one week that they will be so completely worn out as to be unable to accomplish anything the next one.

It is false economy to buy thin shoes to be worn in wet weather, for the sake of saving a few shillings, and then get a fit of sickness in consequence, and have a heavy debt to pay to the doctor.

It is false economy to keep the fire low in the winter season, and then have so severe a cold for a fortnight as to be unable to utter a loud word.

It is false economy to go to a large hotel to board during the summer, just for appearances' sake, and then pinch yourselves for food, light, and heat throughout the next winter.

It is false economy to live on a bit here and a bit there at all hour in the day, when the amount thus used would pay for two or three substantial meals.

It is false economy to work all night and remain for hours in bed the next morning; when, if you retire at a seasonable time, you will gain a good night's rest, and arise refreshed and ready to commence work in the bright sunlight, which is far better than any artificial illumination that can be produced.

It is false economy to purchase articles simply because they are "cheap."

One good, durable article will be ten times

cheaper than four of those that break at the first handling.

If you hear of persons complaining that they are no better off at the end of the year for all their economy, you may, as a general thing, conclude that the economy they have been practicing is not the true, but the false kind.

A man, to save money, may starve himself almost to death, and the consequence is that he is too weak to do work.

He has not economised, for the result shows a waste of health and strength.

A shop cannot be kept open without goods; a paper could not succeed without articles to make it attractive, and products could not grow in an unfruitful soil.

How then can a man expect to keep himself in bodily health without proper nourishment?

When studying for the best mode to economise, we should ascertain to a certainty that our decision is true wisdom, not niggardly folly.

THE Brooklyn Eagle is responsible for the following: "Pimpleville, Vt., is evidently not a good field for an independent, outspoken journal. The Pimpleville Post lately published this item: 'Those who have lately been engaged in sheep-stealing had better stand from under. We know whom we are talking about.' The result was a loss of sixty subscribers, and the paper will go into bankruptcy."

FROSTED HOLLY.—Dip the holly in white of egg or a weak solution of gum, and then sprinkle powdered white sugar over the leaves, it represents frosted holly very well. It is always used for Christmas, and its ornaments dessert dishes, &c., very prettily.

GOOD CORN MEAL PUDDING.—Stir the meal into scalding skim milk, till it is thick as gruel, and, when cool, add ginger, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt, and sweetening to suit the taste, and a little fine cut suet, and some raisins or dried peaches, and a fine cut apple. It should bake an hour or more according to size.

CHEESE TOAST.—Take a slice of good, rich, old cheese, cut it up into small pieces, put it in a tin or iron stew-pan, and to one cup of milk add three eggs; beat eggs and milk together and pour on the cheese; set it on the stove, and when it begins to simmer, stir briskly until it forms a thick curdle, then pour over the toast and carry to table.

TO REMOVE GREASE STAINS FROM WOOD.—Spread some starch powder over the grease spots, and then go over it with a hot flat-iron till you draw the grease; then scrape with glass or a proper scraper, and repeat the starch powder and hot iron. Ammonia liquid may be used as a finish, if the starch does not take all the grease out.

HOW TO COOK CORNED BEEF.—The Boston Journal of Chemistry says: The rule has a Hibernian sound. Don't boil it, for corned beef should never be boiled. It should only simmer, being placed on a part of the range or stove where this process may go on uninterruptedly from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece. If it is to be served, let the meat remain in the liquor until cold. Tough meat can be made tender by letting it remain in the liquor until the next day, and then bring it to the boiling point just before serving.

CANNED FRUIT.—The impression prevails among those who use freely of fruits which are put up in tin cans that they are injured thereby, and this impression is in many cases correct. We have long contended that all preserved fruits and vegetables should be stored in glass, and that no metal of any kind should be brought in contact with them. All fruits contain more or less of vegetable acids, and others that are highly corrosive are often formed by fermentation, and the metallic vessels are considerably acted upon. Tin cans are held together by solder, an alloy into which lead enters largely. This metal is easily corroded by vegetable acids, and poisonous salts are formed. Undoubtedly many persons are greatly injured by eating tomatoes, peaches, etc., which have been placed in tin cans, and we advise all our friends who contemplate putting up fruit the coming summer to use only glass jars for the purpose.

GENUINE SCOTCH HOTCH-POTCH.—An English paper gives the receipt of an "unsurpassable hotch-potch," obtained from a cook in Oban, Scotland. It is as follows:—Take the best part of a neck of mutton, cut its small-bones and all—and boil it until thoroughly well done, or until the meat separates from the bones. Then remove the bones, and put in a quantity of green peas and broad beans à discretion, not to make the hotch-potch too thick; add a flavour of onions and parsley, together with a fair proportion of carrots, turnips and kail or other cabbage, taking care to make the combination thick enough, but not so thick as to deprive it of the character of a soup, convert it into a pottage and boil the whole for eight or nine hours; if you boil it for twelve or even twenty hours it will be none the worse, but all the better. If there be any left, boil it up again on the next day, and it will be better than on the first." The writer adds that there is "a winter as well as a summer hotch-potch; the absence of peas and beans and the substitution of such other vegetables, potatoes alone excepted, as may be got, forming the difference between the two."



THE FIRST SET—TOP COUPLE.

His Lordship together. A—A! I—A!
 Her Ladyship together. BEG PARDON. YOU—A—WERE ABOUT
 His Lordship together. TO—?
 Her Ladyship together. OH—A! NO—A! [Silence.]



THE FIRST SET—BOTTOM COUPLE.

Thing of Sentiment, to more Material Creature. WE ARE TOO
 CORPOREAL, DON'T YOU THINK, MR. STUBBS? WHAT WE WANT IS
 SOUL—MORE SOUL!
 Male Creature. AND A LITTLE BODY TOO, DON'T YOU THINK?
 [Thing of Sentiment replieth not.]



TRUE LOVE.

Imogene. I CANNOT HELP IT, ALONZO; I FEEL SO HORRIBLY ILL, I
 MUST CRY!
 Alonzo. WELL, IF YOU CRY, I SHALL CRY TOO!
 [So they both cried.]



NECESSITAS NON HABET BYE-LAWS!

Guard (excitedly, to First-Class Passenger, who had evidently been dining—the Train has stopped suddenly, to the general alarm). "DID
 YOU TOUCH THE COMMUNICATOR, SIR?"
 First-Class Passenger. "O MUN'CAT'! I WANG THE BELL JUST NOW FOR SOME BWANDY-'N'-SODA!"



ON A BROKEN EGG-SHELL.

Inspired Being. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, LADIES, WHENCE, O WHENCE CAME THE MARVELLOUS INSTINCT THAT PROMPTED THE
 MINUTE BEING ORIGINALLY CONTAINED IN THIS FRAGILE SHELL TO BURST THE CALCAROUS ENVELOPE THAT SECURED IT FROM THE
 GLORIES OF THE OUTWARD WORLD?"
 Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, INDEED, MR. HONEYCOMB!"
 Master Tommy. "P'RAIS THE LITTLE BEGGAR WAS AFRAID HE'D BE BOILED!"



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Exquisite. "QUITE A NICE BALL AT MRS. MILLERLEURS', WASN'T IT?"
 Male Ditto. "VERY QUITE. INDEED, REALLY MOST QUITE!"